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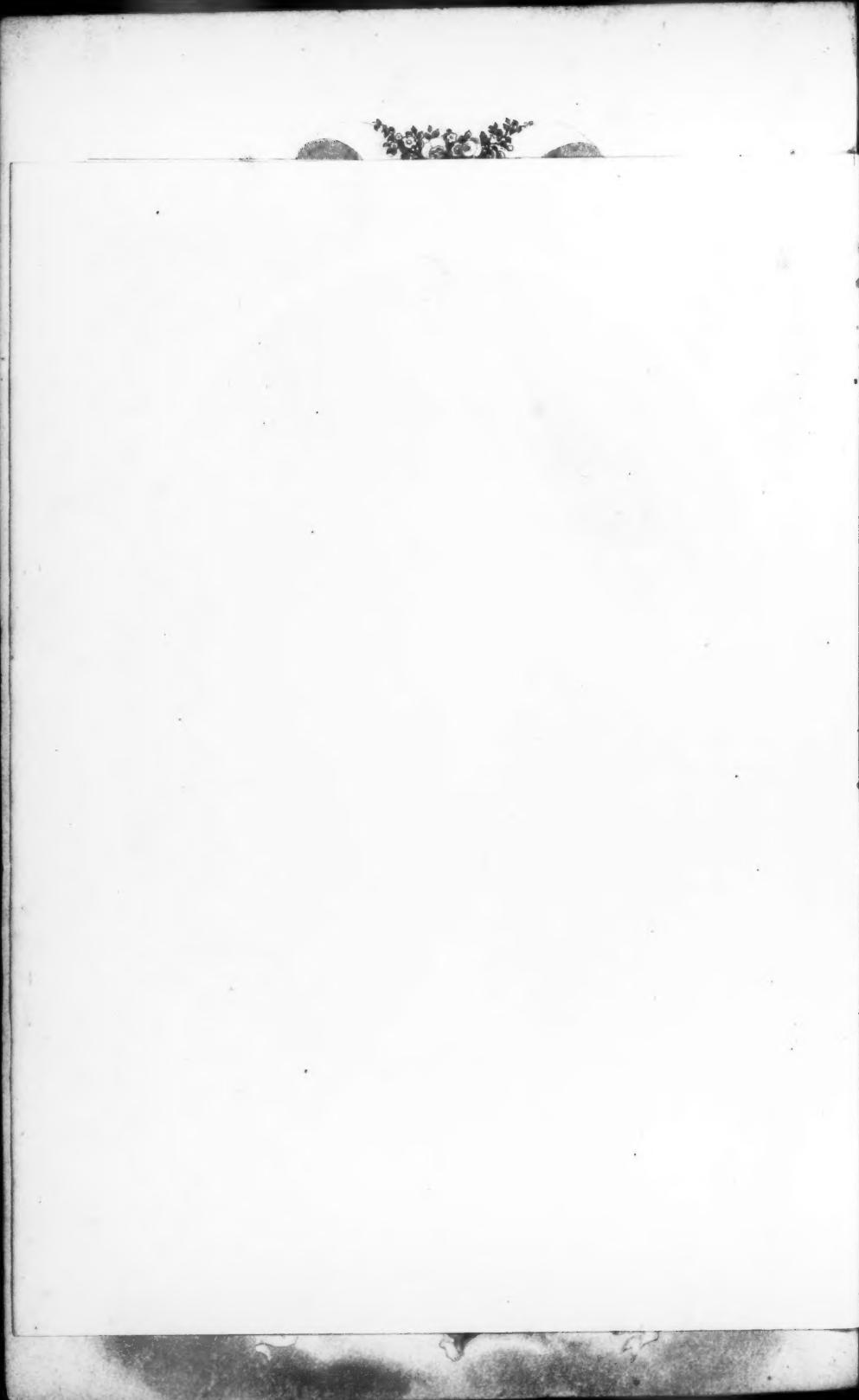
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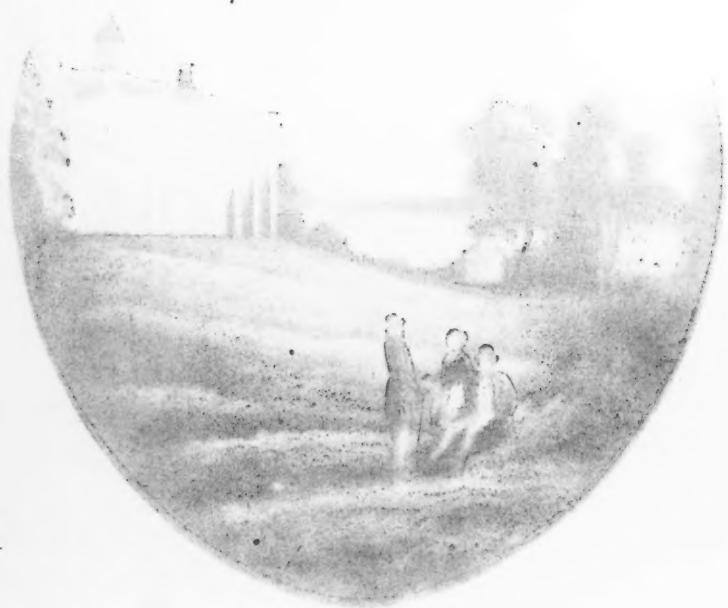








MOUNT VERNON.





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THE HELEN.

(From the Fashion Emporium of Slingerland & M'Farland, 296 Broadway, New York.)

[DESCRIPTION, PAGE 78.]



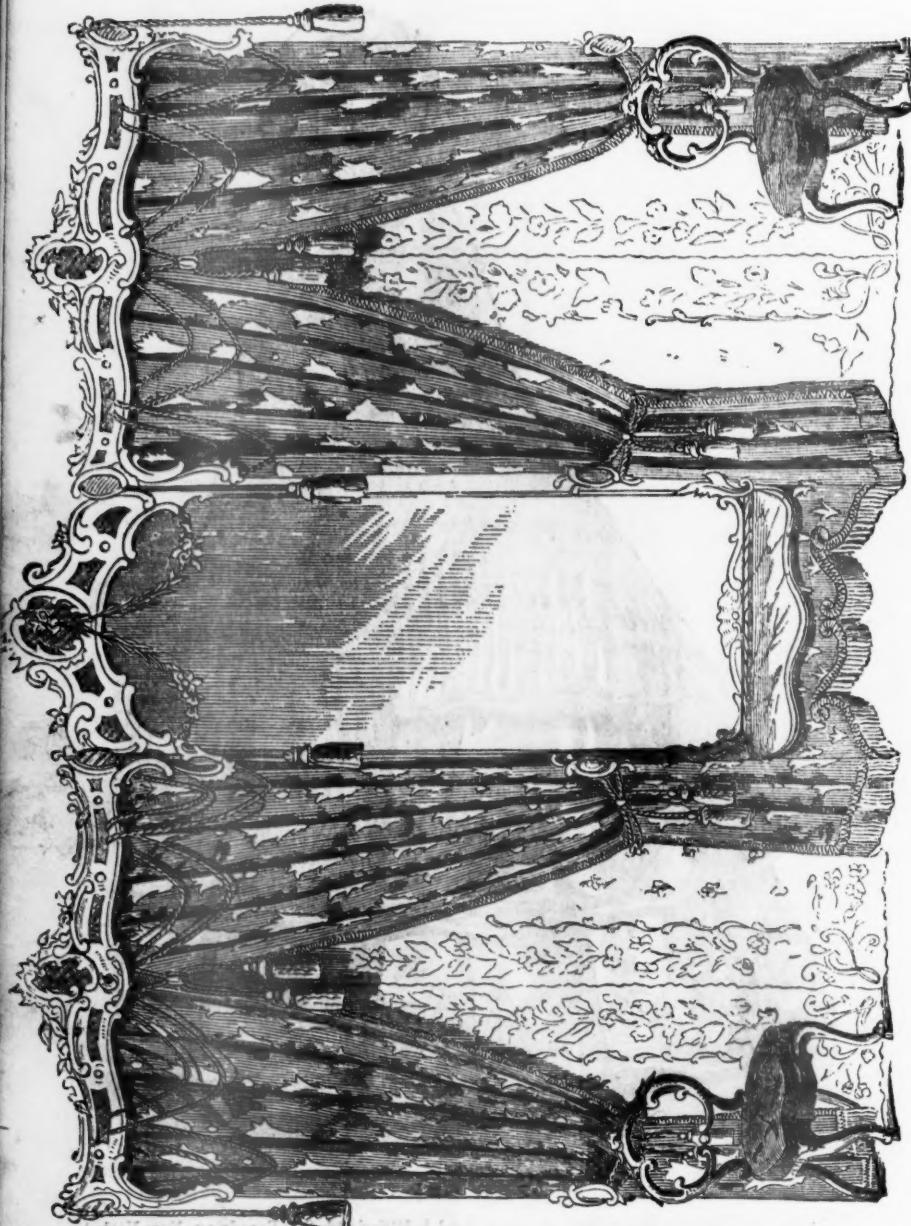
THE ELMA.

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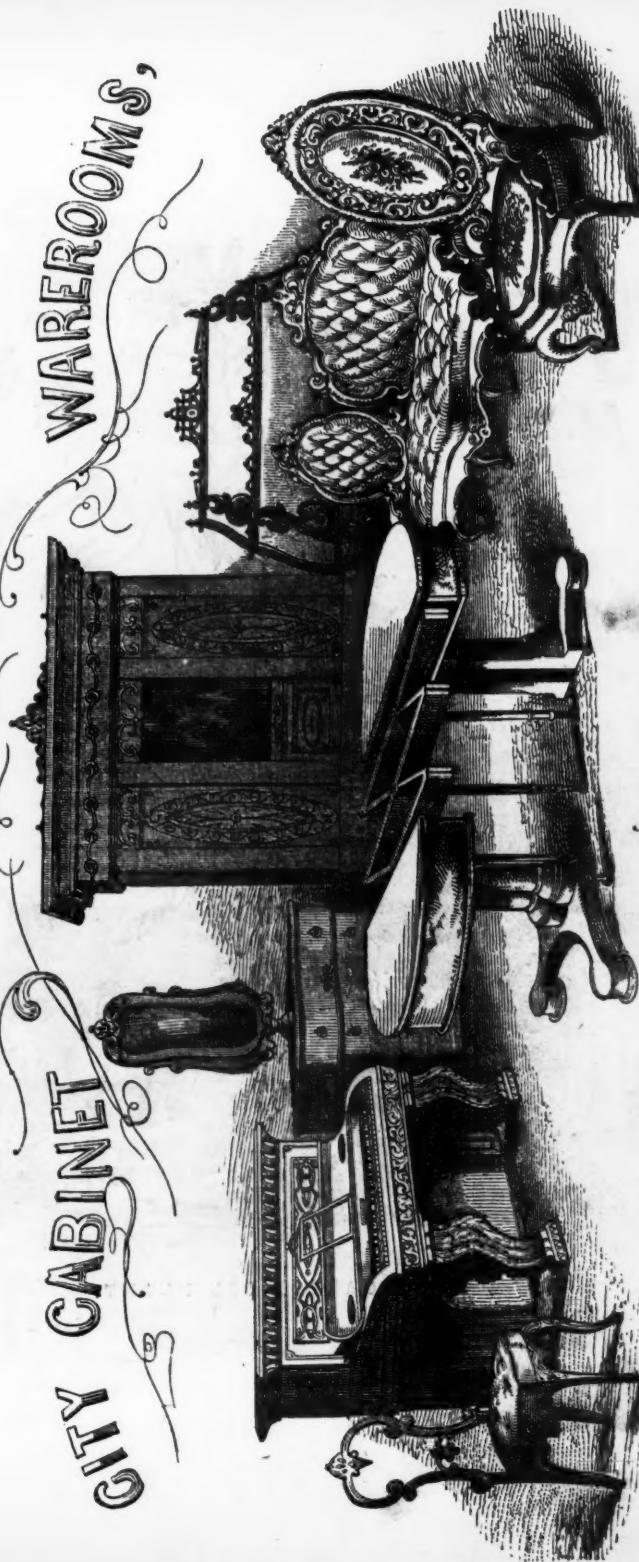
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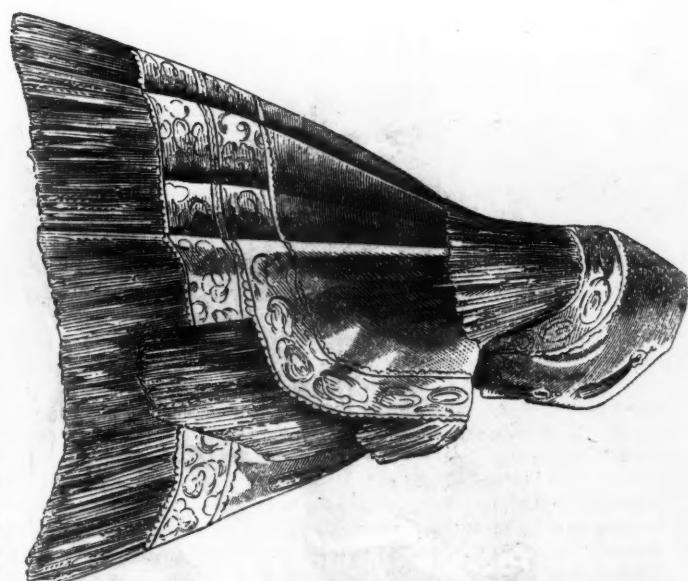
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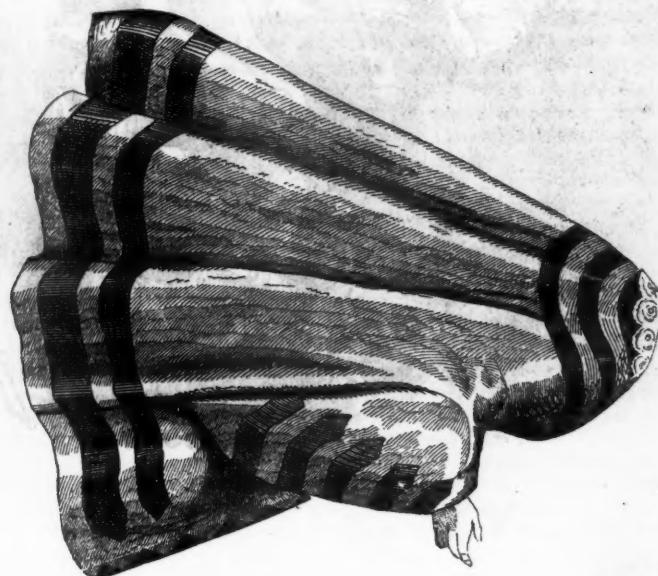
THE CASTOR-OIL PLANT.

[DESCRIPTION, PAGE 16.]

FASHIONABLE CLOAKS.



No. 1.



No. 2.

THE IMPROVISATOR.



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Arthur's Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1855.

IMPROVISATORI.

This name is given in Italy to poets who compose and declaim extemporaneously on any given subject, accompanying their voice with an instrument. Something of the same kind may be found in other parts of the world. In Portugal the peasantry may be frequently heard, in the summer evenings, singing improvised songs to the accompaniment of their guitars, although their strains are of a very humble, unambitious character; and in Wales the harper will sit down in the church-yard, after the service is over, and, the people having gathered around him, will play his instrument and form extempore stanzas which run to it in well-adapted measure; but in no country is this talent so well developed as in Italy, where its professors are so abundant that it seems as if it were a natural production of the soil. On a fine evening, in Florence, the streets may be seen thronged with native poets, chiefly belonging to the lower class of people. The workman who has finished his daily task, instead of expending his little gains at the wine-house, equips himself with a good coat and guitar, and, catching the poetic inspiration, is soon surrounded by a numerous and attentive throng. Let our readers look upon the scene which the genius of Leopold Robert has immortalized, and of which our engraving presents an humble copy; let them watch those charmed spectators—"fit audience, though few"—listening to their inspired fellow-peasant, and then turn to our own country, and wish it presented similar evidences of widely-spread intellectual power, cultivated tastes, and common sympathies.

The most flourishing period of the improvisatorial art was during the pontificate of Leo X, who not only encouraged its professors, but loved to join them in their trials of skill. At that time the improvisatori recited in Latin, but afterwards in their native language, when their numbers consequently increased.

Salvator Rosa, the distinguished Italian painter, was pre-eminently skilful in the art of improvising. He possessed a wonderful flow and

variety of language, and his recitals, accompanied by the music of his viol, together with the fire of his eyes and the expression of his countenance, produced the most powerful effects on those who heard him.

Madame de Staél has made an improvisatrice—Corinne—the subject of a well-known novel of that name. It is said that the real person was Carilla, a peasant girl of Pistoga, who rose by her talents from that condition to wealth and distinction, and was actually crowned queen of the art in the Capitol at Rome. She not only recited poems of a decidedly superior character, on the impulse of the moment, but, on receiving a subject, actually before the eyes of the audience she would frame the dramatis personæ of a play, and proceed, act by act and scene by scene, to pour forth the unpremeditated effusions of her rich and glowing imagination. She exercised her seductive powers, which were in the highest degree astonishing, on all ranks of society.

The same extraordinary faculties for rapid poetical composition were strikingly shown forth in the exhibitions of Signor Sgricci, whose published dramas, altogether unpremeditated, were taken down by short-hand writers as they fell from his lips, and afford abundant proof of his genius and the high order of his poetical conceptions.

The general mode of exhibition adopted by the Italian improvisatori is as follows: Two assistants appear on the stage with a glass vase; the people are requested to propose their subjects in writing, on slips of paper, and place them in the vase; the papers are then shaken together and presented. As they are withdrawn they are read to the company, and the subject which meets with the most decided marks of approval is chosen. The assistants now retire, and the improvisator makes his appearance. It is not always, however, that he is successful. There are pretenders in this as well as in every other art. Sometimes an individual will come forward to exhibit, prompted

by ambition and self-esteem, without any talent or poetical inspiration about him. In the amplitude of his imagination he soon gets his story so entangled, that he becomes quite unable to satisfy his audience, and with a suppressed "maladetta!" usually takes to his heels, followed by the malicious laughter of the crowd, who always consider such failures as a capital joke.

The Italian improvisatori appear to have been really inspired poets, possessing great powers of imagination and most excitable feelings, whose emotions being genuine, and expressed with all the poetry of passion, induced corresponding sensations in their hearers. Much of their wonderful power is to be attributed to the variety and flexibility of the Italian language, and to the comparative laxity of its poetical rules. It is well known, that besides an artificial there is also a natural language, and that thought may be most eloquently expressed by looks, sighs, frowns, sobs or laughter, and also by certain gestures of the body. Now no language in the world is so well adapted to express the passions and emotions as the Italian. If, then, we add the charms of a good delivery and the accompaniment of music to the other fascinations of the improvisatori, we shall be at no loss to account for the marvellous facility which they possessed in making extemporaneous verses, and for the influence which they exercised over their audience. Contrast the Italian workman thus intellectually employed at the close of his day's labor, with the laborers in the United States, whose evenings are not unfrequently spent in the haunts of vice and dissipation, in the gratification of the most grovelling inclinations.

CHRISTMAS AT MR. BROWN'S.

BY T. B. ARTHUR.

"How many days to Christmas, Papa?" enquired an earnest little voice, as a pair of soft hands were pressed fondly against the cheeks of Mr. Brown.

"Just ten days," answered Mr. Brown; but not in tones of equal interest.

"Ten days! Oh, that is such a long time! I wish it was to-morrow."

"You do!"

"Yes, indeed, Papa. Ten days; that's more than a week, isn't it?"

"Yes, three days more than a week."

"Well, I wish it was to-morrow."

"Why so soon, pretty?"

"Don't you know?" And the child smiled archly in her father's face.

"How should I know?" said Mr. Brown.

"Don't you know why I wish to-morrow was Christmas? I guess mother knows; don't you, mother?"

Mrs. Brown smiled lovingly upon her little one—the youngest and dearest of her flock. Just then the two older children came into the room.

"Don't you wish to-morrow was Christmas, Fanny?—and don't you, too, John?" inquired the child.

"Don't I, Maggy!" answered John, a merry smile playing over his countenance. "Yes, indeed! But it isn't to-morrow; and wishing won't do any good."

"It's only ten days off," said Fanny, quietly. "A little more than a week, Christmas will be here."

"And then," said John, glancing meaningfully towards his father.

"And then!" chimed in Fanny.

But, from some cause, the subject was not agreeable to Mr. Brown, as was evident in the gravity of his manner. This the children were quick to see; and it cooled their enthusiasm. Silence followed. In a little while Maggy slipped down from her father's knee, and drew quietly to her mother's side, from whence she looked at her father, with fitful glances, half timidly and half wonderingly. Somehow, this reference to Christmas was not agreeable to Mr. Brown, and the children perceived it.

The evening passed without further remark on the coming festive season; yet not without thoughts of it in every mind—in fact, little else was thought of, either by Mr. and Mrs. Brown, or the children. After the latter had retired for the night, Mr. Brown said:—

"I am really troubled about this matter of Christmas presents, Mary; it does seem such a waste of money. Last year, it didn't cost me less than fifty dollars, and what good came of it all?"

Mrs. Brown looked earnestly at her husband, sighed, but made no answer. Her heart was with her little ones; and the thought of their being disappointed in their childish hopes, threw a cloud over her spirits.

"I'm not rich," continued Mr. Brown; "but even if I were, I couldn't feel right about the matter, if I spent even fifty dollars uselessly."

"Uselessly!" said Mrs. Brown, in a tone of inquiry, that implied a doubt as to the fairness of her husband's conclusion.

"What good came of all our waste of money in Christmas presents last year?"

"We made the children happy, for one thing," replied Mrs. Brown, "and you'll own there was

good in that—money spent in procuring happiness for any one, can hardly be called money wasted."

"Present pleasure is sometimes bought at the price of future unhappiness," said Mr. Brown.

"True," returned his wife; "but how the remark applies here, I do not so plainly perceive."

"You see that the children have set their hearts on a repetition of the same extravagance this year. Now, it does not seem to me right to spend money in this way. If I do not, of course they will be disappointed and unhappy. So, the pleasure conferred last year will be the cause of pain now."

Mrs. Brown was silent. Not that she felt the force of what her husband said. Her heart, as we have before remarked, was with her little ones, and the thought of their disappointment troubled her spirits; and all the more because she saw that Mr. Brown was really in earnest.

"I made up my mind last year," said Mr. Brown, "that I would never waste as much money foolishly again. Fifty dollars, in China dolls, jumping jacks, sugar toys, and such like tomfooleries was a wicked waste; and so much real want and suffering all round us. It kept me awake a good many hours, thinking about it; and I don't believe the children were any happier in the end."

"They had too many incongruous things, I will admit," answered Mrs. Brown; "too much to divide the attention and dissipate the interest that ought to have been pleasantly concentrated. But you must remember, husband, that you went to an auction, and bought twenty-five dollars worth of assorted Christmas goods—at a single purchase—enough to have set up a small toy shop."

Mr. Brown shrugged his shoulders, saying: "Yes, that was a foolish blunder. I saw it clearly enough, but then a perception of the folly came too late. The wreck and ruin that followed made me sick. It had one good effect, however, that of opening my eyes to the foolishness of this whole system of Christmas waste and extravagance. We must make the children comprehend it. I want you, Mary, to talk to them seriously on the subject; you'll not find the task a difficult one; they'll hear to reason, I am sure."

But Mrs. Brown understood the children much better than that. Talk to them about the folly of making Christmas presents! She might almost as well have talked to a hungry man about the waste and extravagance of eating! So, she shook her head and replied: "It won't do, Edward."

"It *must* do, Mary," was the decisive answer, and Mr. Brown got up and walked the floor, buttoning, as he did so, his coat up to the very chin—an involuntary act that expressed the firmness of his purpose. "My mind is fully made up; in fact, has been made up on this subject ever since a clear perception came of last year's folly. There'll be no fifty dollars wasted at Christmas; of this you may rest assured. I can't afford it; and, if I could, a sense of right would not permit the extravagance."

Mr. Brown continued to talk on, in the hope of convincing his wife, inducing her to act freely with him in the matter. But Mrs. Brown said little in reply—that little satisfied the husband that her co-operation was not to be counted upon.

Next morning, at breakfast, the children, in whose minds vague questionings and suspicions had been aroused, examined curiously the rather grave faces of their parents. But there was no light there.

"How many days to Christmas, now, papa?" said little pet Maggy, breaking in upon the brooding silence that hung heavily over the family circle.

Mr. Brown looked at the child; but made no answer.

"Just nine days," answered Fanny, in a half whisper, bending towards Maggy, yet keeping her eyes fixed upon the countenance of her father.

"Nine days," repeated the child; "nine days is such a long time. I wish Christmas was to-morrow."

Mr. Brown said nothing, and Mrs. Brown kept silence. How busy was thought in the minds of both.

"What's the matter, Edward? Are you not well this morning?" said Mrs. Brown, as her husband arose from the table, after taking but a single cup of coffee.

"I'm very well," replied Mr. Brown, with affected cheerfulness; "but I havn't much appetite, and I am in a hurry to get to the store this morning." And he left the room abruptly.

Mrs. Brown sighed as the door closed upon her husband. An animated talk among the children, about the coming Christmas, followed; in which the mother saw how largely their expectations were excited. In fact, the evil of an unwise expenditure, on the previous Christmas, was now manifesting itself in vague and extravagant anticipations. Mr. Brown's injudicious wholesale purchase of a large lot of assorted toys, most of them unsuited to the tastes and wants of his children, was now bearing fruit according to the seed.

"Hadn't we lots of things," said John, with great animation.

"Yes, indeed," answered Fanny; "there was a whole wheel-barrow load."

"I guess father will have a wagon to bring the toys home this year," said John.

"I'd rather have a gold watch and chain, than all the toys father could buy," remarked Fanny.

"And so would I," said John. "A gold watch and a gun. Just tell father about this, won't you, mother?"

"How wildly you talk," remarked Mrs. Brown, who felt the necessity of correcting these liberal ideas, and gathering the wishes of her children into something like reasonable limits. "Your father is not rich. He cannot afford to buy you gold watches, even if he thought such articles suitable for children of your age, which I know he does not."

"I wish he would buy me a pony," said John, his mind not really penetrated by the main argument of his mother. "How much would a pony cost? Not more than a wheel-barrow load of toys; would it, mother?"

"You mustn't expect even a wheel-barrow load of toys, this year," replied Mrs. Brown.

"What are we to have then?" inquired the children, in tones of disappointment.

"The love of your parents, which will seek to bless you with all blessings in their power to bestow," answered Mrs. Brown, as she placed an arm around each of her children, and drew them gently to her side. There was a penetrating tenderness in her low tones that went instantly to the hearts of John and Fanny.

"Christmas presents," continued Mrs. Brown, "are meant to express to you the good wishes, or affection of those who make them. They are not to be so much regarded for their value, or even usefulness, as for the evidences they bring of love in the giver. Think of this, my children, and then whatever you receive, will be highly prized, even though in itself it be the merest trifle. Your father loves you all dearly. Early and late he is engaged in business, and you, his children, receive from his toil and care a thousand blessings. For you he provides this pleasant home, and crowds our table with plenty. He buys you warm clothing: he sends you to our best schools. Of all the good he is daily doing to his children, words would fail me to tell. Not all children have so kind, so excellent a father."

"Oh! I love him very much," said Fanny, as she clung tightly to her mother's arm.

"And I love him," said John.

"And don't I love him best of all?" broke in

dear little pet Maggy. "I love mother, too." And as the sweet child thus spoke she turned her lips upward for a kiss.

"Yes, you all love father very much; and you ought to love him, for he is one of the best of fathers," said Mrs. Brown.

"I wonder what he will buy us?" remarked John, a little while afterwards, as his mind came back from thoughts of his father's love for him, to something of the old interest in their anticipated Christmas presents.

But, ere Mrs. Brown could frame an answer, a lady friend, who had just called, entered the room where they were still sitting at the breakfast table. She was an intimate friend and neighbor, and came in, thus early, without ceremony, and with only a brief apology for the intrusion.

"I've run in a moment," said she, speaking earnestly, "to tell you about poor Mr. Elkhart, over the way. I've felt sick ever since I heard of it."

"What of him?" inquired Mrs. Brown.

"You haven't heard of it. Well, he had a dreadful fall, yesterday, through the hatchway in the store where he works. He came down three stories, and is sadly hurt. One leg and one arm are broken; and they say he has bad internal injuries. Poor man! What will his family do?"

"Oh! that is sad," answered Mrs. Brown. "He has so many little ones dependent on him. What will they do?"

"I've just come from there," said the neighbor. "Ah! it's a sight to make the heart ache. Mrs. Elkhart's baby is only two weeks old; and she is still too feeble to be about. The shock has thrown her back very much. Five little children; the father disabled for months, and the mother yet sick with a young baby. Oh! Mrs. Brown! there is heart trouble. We who have so many comforts around us can but dimly realize the suffering of that poor wife and mother."

"Let us not be to her as the priest and the Levite; but as the good Samaritan," said Mrs. Brown.

"Spoken like a woman and a Christian," responded the neighbor. "Yes, let us act the part of the good Samaritan."

While the lady conversed with their mother, the children listened with deep interest. Soon after she went away, John and Fanny started for school. At dinner time Mr. and Mrs. Brown talked much about poor Mr. Elkhart and his family, and suggested various means of relief. They were willing, they said, to do all for them in their power, but feared that an adequate

support, for several months, could not be relied upon.

Three or four days went by without anything more being said by the children in reference to Christmas. Their rather extravagant expectations had been lowered by the manner of their father, when the subject was previously mentioned, as well as by the conversation held with their mother. Even little Maggy perceived that Christmas presents was not an agreeable theme, and she too kept silence before her father.

Only a few days now intervened between the present and the long-looked for and pleasantly-anticipated festive holiday. It was evening—the tea-things had been removed, and Mr. and Mrs. Brown, with their three children, sat before the red glowing grate, feeling very comfortable, and talking together very pleasantly. All at once little Maggy, who was on her father's knee, and had one arm around his neck, said, half timidly, and with warm blushes mantling her cheeks, as if she knew the subject would not be altogether agreeable—

"Won't you give me a dollar, papa, for my Christmas gift?"

"A dollar, child!" Mr. Brown looked grave, and spoke quite seriously.

"Yes, papa, a little round gold dollar. I won't ask for anything else, and you needn't buy me anything."

Maggy's sweet little face was now almost crimson, for she felt that her request was not pleasant to her father.

"What do you want with a dollar, Maggy dear?"

Mr. Brown was recovering himself, and his voice was now tender and encouraging.

"I want to give it to poor Mrs. Elkhart to buy clothes for her little baby."

"Dear child!" murmured Mr. Brown in a low, unsteady voice, as he hugged Maggy to his heart. The request, so unexpected, touched him deeply.

"You'll give me one, won't you?" still urged the child in her earnest little tones.

"Yes, dear, you shall have two gold dollars for so good a purpose," answered Mr. Brown. "God's loving angels have inspired the generous wish."

"I'm so glad! you're such a good father!" said the child, as she flung her tiny arms about her father's neck and clasped him eagerly.

"Just the Christmas gifts that Fanny and I want," said John, now pressing up to his father's side. "We talked about it all the way from school this afternoon."

"You did?"

"O yes!" answered Fanny, as she stood be-

side her brother: "we don't want anything for ourselves."

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," said Mr. Brown, as he laid a hand upon each young head; "and you will prove this, I trust, ere many days have passed. It gives me true pleasure, my children, to find in you such unselfish purposes. Poor Mr. Elkhart's little ones are worthy of all your generous sympathies; and in denying yourselves for their good, you are procuring heartfelt delight that will bless you for years—nay, longer—throughout your whole lives. Yes, yes, your wishes shall be gratified. Maggy shall have two gold dollars, and John and Fanny three gold dollars apiece, as Christmas gifts."

How joyfully the children clapped their hands at this announcement.

"My difficult problem is solved," said Mr. Brown, after the children had retired for the night; "and solved in a way I little anticipated."

"Dear hearts!" said Mrs. Brown; "their generous purposes were not awakened by any suggestions of mine."

"How much better to spend money in relieving the suffering and the needy, than to waste it in useless gewgaws," observed Mr. Brown.

"I must not be more selfish than the children," remarked Mrs. Brown, smiling. "So let my Christmas present go in the same direction."

A few days more glided by. It was the twenty-fourth of December—time, evening. Mr. Brown was seated at the centre-table, around which gathered the children. He had his purse in his hand.

"What do you say now, Maggy, dear? tomorrow is Christmas, you know."

"Yes, papa," answered the child, lifting her large clear eyes to his face. There was in them heavenly beauty that arrested the father's attention, and caused him to gaze almost wonderingly into their liquid depths.

"Do you still want a gold dollar for your Christmas gift?"

"You said I should have two gold dollars," answered Maggy.

"Well, then, two gold dollars?"

"Yes, papa."

"What will you do with them?"

"Give them to poor Mrs. Elkhart, for her baby."

"There they are, love," said Mr. Brown, as he laid two yellow coins in the soft, pink hand of Maggy.

"Thank you, papa; I'm so glad!" How her little eyes sparkled and danced. What dimp-

ling smiles went wreathing over her innocent face.

"Now, Fanny and John, what do you say?" Mr. Brown turned to his two older children.

"Just what Maggy has said," was their unhesitating answer.

"Three dollars for you, Fanny, and three for you, John." Mr. Brown handed the glittering coins to his children as he spoke.

"Eight dollars in all," said John.

"It will do them so much good. How glad Mrs. Elkhart will be when we take them to her." Fanny mused a little while, and then said—

"I want to give something to Mary Elkhart. She is a dear little thing. Oh, now I think of it!"—how bright her face became instantly—"she shall have the little wax doll father bought for me last Christmas. I had three then; two large ones and a small one. The small one is just as good as new. May I give it to her, mother?"

"If you wish to, Fanny."

"Then she shall have it," said the little girl firmly. "Mary does not get many nice playthings; and now that her poor father is hurt so badly, and cannot work and earn money, I don't believe she will have a single Christmas gift. Yes, indeed. I will send her that pretty wax doll."

"There's Eddy and Willy Elkhart." John's interest for the little boys was now awakened. "Everybody gets presents at Christmas. I think I'll take half a dollar of the money to buy something for them. No I won't, either! Now I think of it, there's a box of building blocks, most as good as new, in the garret. Eddy shall have them; and for Willy—let me see; what have I for Willy? Yes, now I think of it, Willy can have my humming-top."

"And little Jane shall have my A, B, C blocks," said Maggy, her sweet young face beaming with light.

"So we needn't spend even half a dollar of the money." This seemed to give John and Fanny especial pleasure. "Eight dollars. How glad it will make poor Mrs. Elkhart."

"Don't forget," now remarked Mrs. Brown, smiling, "that my Christmas present must go in the same direction."

Mr. Brown looked thoughtful for a few moments. He was turning the subject over in his mind.

"I meant to have bought you—but, I won't say what. It would have cost just twelve dollars. Here is the money. Do with it as your heart may prompt."

The children looked earnestly at their mother, as she received the sum of twelve dollars.

She held the gold in her hand for a little while, and it seemed as if there were some questionings in her mind. Then she laid it on the table, saying,

"Twelve and eight make twenty. How much more good the money will do for this distressed family, than it would have done to us, had we spent it, one for the other, in Christmas presents. Such tokens are not needed as evidences of affection."

For some time there was a pleasant excitement among the children. Gradually this subsided; and, although they continued, at intervals, to speak of the happiness their presents would create in the morning, yet it did not escape the observation of either father or mother, that a certain joyousness of feeling was absent. They were more silent than usual; and their tones, when they spoke, were subdued.

"We won't hang up our stockings to-night for Kris Kingle," said Fanny, as she gave her parents the usual good-night kiss. She had meant to speak very bravely and cheerfully; but the effort was not altogether successful. Something in her voice betrayed the disappointment, touching the morrow, which she so earnestly sought to overcome and to conceal. But, even had her voice remained firm, her humid eyes would have revealed her sinking heart.

"Good night, dear. The blessed angels guard you in slumber," said Mrs. Brown, as she returned the fervent kiss.

"Good night, father! Good night, mother!" said John, in an off-hand, bravado sort of way, gliding from the room as he spoke—thus revealing to the acute perceptions of both father and mother, that all was not right with him, either.

A long silence followed the withdrawal of the children—a silence burdened with thoughts, questionings, and earnest debates. At last Mr. Brown said—

"I remember, now, that I promised to see a gentleman this evening; so I shall have to go out; but I won't be gone over an hour."

"Don't stay long." Mrs. Brown spoke in a very quiet, subdued tone of voice. There was a pressure on her feelings, and her husband perceived it.

"I will return very soon."

As Mr. Brown left the apartment the sewing upon which his wife had been engaged, fell into her lap, and leaning an elbow on the table, she rested her head on her hand, and was soon lost in a maze of thought. She did not feel satisfied about the children. They were but children, and creatures of feeling. In their generous self-denial, they had devoted all they were to

receive at Christmas to the relief of poor Mrs. Elkhart's family. Nothing had been kept back for themselves. The consciousness of having blessed the needy and the suffering, was to sustain them on the festive morrow, and make their hearts glad, though they received no tokens of love. She did not believe that they were equal to their self-imposed trial. Nor did she believe that it was right to let them bear it. But, Mr. Brown, from having been extravagant in Christmas goods last year, had now passed over to the other extreme. He was a firm man when his mind was made up about any thing, and Mrs. Brown, therefore, felt she had better bear with her children, what the morrow would bring, than have a useless discussion in which dogmatism would chafe and wound her clear perceptions.

It was near ten o'clock when Mr. Brown came home. A marked contrast there was between his animated countenance and manner, and the heavy eye, and weary air of his wife.

"You are late," she said.

"Yes; almost an hour later than I meant to stay. But, I couldn't get home any earlier. I have done some good, however, and that will compensate for my absence. I was able to interest several gentlemen in Elkhart's case. They have made up a purse of twenty-five dollars, which I am commissioned to spend in fuel and groceries, and send to the family as a Christmas present to-morrow."

The face of Mrs. Brown grew bright instantly. "How glad I am to hear you say this. For all their misfortunes the day will not be altogether dark to them."

"No; not altogether dark," said Mr. Brown, now speaking in an absent manner. Some new thought had come into his mind, and was occupying it almost exclusively.

"I don't think the children feel altogether right about to-morrow," said Mrs. Brown, venturing upon a subject very near her feelings.

"How so?" inquired her husband.

"Children are children."

"A fact I have never yet heard disputed," was the half playful answer.

Mrs. Brown sighed, and let her eyes drop to the floor.

"They seemed to me to feel very right," added Mr. Brown. "You don't mean to say, that they wish to keep their money instead of giving it to Mrs. Elkhart?"

"O, no, no, dear, not that. But they are only children."

"So you intimated just now," said Mr. Brown, with provoking coolness. "I should be sorry to have them men and women so soon. Yes,"

he added more seriously, "they are children—good, self-denying children, whose generous sympathies were born in heaven. It makes my heart warm whenever I think of what they have done. To-morrow will be to them the happiest Christmas they have ever experienced; for the love that goes out to bless others, returns again, laden with double blessings for the heart from which it went forth."

Mrs. Brown only sighed a response. She felt that an attempt to make her husband realize what she did in regard to the children's true mental states, would be all in vain; so she answered nothing.

In a very comfortable, self-satisfied state of mind was Mr. Brown on retiring for the night, and soon after his head touched his pillow, he was far off in the land of dreams. Not so with Mrs. Brown: thoughts of the morrow and of her children, undelighted by a single present from father or mother, so haunted her that she could not sleep until long after the hour of midnight. She understood their childish wants far too well to cheat herself into the fancy, that they would be as happy as if a gift had expressed to them their parents' love.

Christmas morning! When, before, did day dawn find children sleeping? When, before, did the bright Christmas sun look in through the curtained windows, and smile upon the closed lips of the mother? What a strange stillness reigned through the house, in which a year before, the air rung with childhood's shouts of joyous laughter. There was in it something unnatural.

"Why, Mary! Aleep yet? A merry Christmas!" Mr. Brown bent over his wife and kissed her as she awoke. "I've been up for nearly an hour. Ah, Maggy, dear! good morning to you. A merry Christmas, darling!" And Mr. Brown pressed his lips to the white forehead of his awakening little one.

"Not a child stirring yet!" continued Mr. Brown. "Why! two hours before this on last Christmas morning, the whole house was in an uproar. I must see to it. John! Fanny!" he called up the stairs; "Don't you know it is Christmas morning? Come! awake up!"

Thus aroused, the children and their mother were soon out of bed, and ready to join their father in the breakfast room, where the morning meal, already served, awaited them. Mr. Brown was very talkative, and in fine spirits; but the children were dull. Once or twice he aroused them into something like animation, by picturing the happiness of Mrs. Elkhart and her poor little ones, when they presented her, as they were to do immediately after breakfast,

with their valuable present. "You will make hearts glad to-day, my children," said Mr. Brown, with an earnestness that quickened their generous impulses.

Just as he said this, the tingling of a bell was heard in the parlor.

"What is that?" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, startled by so strange a sound coming suddenly from that quarter.

Ting-a-ling, a-ling! The sound was repeated. Instantly John sprang from the table, and went bounding down stairs, taking but three long steps from the top to the bottom. Fanny glided after, with less noise, but equal fleetness. There was heard a low exclamation from the children, on reaching the parlor; and then the voice of Fanny, out-gushing with delight, came ringing up with words.

"Oh, mother! mother! come! quick! quick!"

Catching up Maggy, as she descended the stairs—for the little pet was already half way down—the mother entered the parlor only a few moments later than the older children. How unexpected was the sight that met her eye. In the centre of the room, on the marble table, stood a Christmas tree, glittering with paper chains and loaded with fruits and flowers; and beside it, on the table, was a present for every member of the family—not a costly present, but appropriate, and selected with a discrimination that perceived the character and wants of each.

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, as soon as she comprehended what was before her, leaning her head upon her husband, and restraining not her glad tears—"This is your work! How little did I dream of what was in your mind."

Christmas, at Mr. Brown's, on that day, was a Christmas to be remembered. What a new life flowed through the veins of the children! To the joy of being remembered, in tokens of love, was added the purer, deeper, heaven-born joy of blessing others. Did they forget, even briefly, in this new excitement, the poor family across the street? Not so. Their generous hearts felt quicker impulses. Happy themselves, they were eager to be the ministers of happiness! and went forth quickly on their mission of benevolence.

Ah, not to their dying day can the children of Mr. Brown forget that Christmas. Nor can Mr. Brown forget it either. It solved a problem for him, though not just in the way anticipated.

May there be many Christmases like that at Mr. Brown's!

The door bell never makes the man nervous who is out of debt.

THE CASTOR-OIL PLANT.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

The castor-oil plant, (*Ricinus communis*), belongs to the Natural Order Euphorbiaceæ, which consists of a collection of trees, shrubs and herbaceous plants, abounding with an acrid, milky juice. The plants of this order grow in warm regions, especially in equinoctial America and the interior of Africa, where they occur as trees or bushes or lactescent herbs, and often present the appearance of Cactuses, from which they are at once distinguished by their milky juice.

The castor-oil plant grows spontaneously in the East and West Indies, in Africa, and the southern parts of Europe. In the temperate and more northern countries of Europe and America it is a herbaceous annual, with a primrose or mealy stem, peltate-palmate leaves, and simple unisexual flowers, the male and female being present on the same plant. The fruit consists of numerous clusters of thorny three-seeded capsules. The plant grows from three to eight feet in height, but the first frosts of autumn destroy it. In more southern latitudes, where the climate is warmer, the stem of the castor-oil plant is ligneous and persistent, its leaves are much larger, and it assumes a shrubby and sometimes even an arborescent growth, attaining to a height of from twenty to thirty feet.

At Ville-franche, near Nice, there were, in 1818, specimens in the open air about 30 feet high, which were the only arborescent species at that time growing in Europe. In the happy regions within the tropics, where the beams of the sun forever shine, the castor oil plant takes its highest form of development; amongst the stately palms and arborescent ferns, it grows into a powerful and lofty tree, covering with an ample canopy of shade the browsing elephant, or the beautiful and ferocious tiger, the principal inhabitants of the woodland solitude.

The entire plant is possessed of active properties; but its medicinal virtues are chiefly contained in its seeds. These seeds, of which three are found in each capsule, are about the size of a small bean, obtuse at both ends, with a smooth, shining, marbled surface. The castor oil is extracted from them.

Felicity consists not in having applause of the people at one's entrance; for that is an advantage which all that enter have. The difficulty is, to have the same applause at one's exit.

JOHN AND MARGARET GREYLSTON.

BY LILA M. LAIRD.

"And you will really send Reuben to cut down that clump of pines?"

"Yes, Margaret. Well, now, it is necessary for more reasons than—"

"Don't tell me so, John," impetuously interrupted Margaret Greylston. "I am sure there is no necessity in the case, and I am sorry to the very heart that you have no more feeling than to order *those* trees to be cut down."

"Feeling! well, may be I have more than you think; yet I don't choose to let it make a fool of me, for all that. But I wish you would say no more about those trees, Margaret; they really must come down; I have reasoned with you on this matter till I am sick of it."

Miss Greylston got up from her chair, and walked out on the shaded porch; then she turned and called her brother.

"Will you come here, John?"

"And what have you to say?"

"Nothing just now; I only want you to stand here and look at the old pines."

And so John Greylston did; and he saw the distant woods grave and fading beneath the autumn wind—while the old pines upreared their stately heads against the blue sky, unchanged in beauty, fresh and green as ever.

"You see those trees, John, and so do I; and standing here, with them full in view, let me plead for them; they are very old, those pines, older than either of us; we played beneath them when we were children; but there is still a stronger tie: our mother loved them—our dear, sainted mother. Thirty years it has been since she died, but I can never forget or cease to love any thing she loved. Oh! John, you remember just as well as I do, how often she would sit beneath those trees and read or talk sweetly to us, and of the dear band who gathered there with her, only we are left, and the old pines; let them stand, John, time enough to cut them down when I have gone to sit with those dear ones beneath the trees of heaven;" and somewhat breathless from long talking, Miss Margaret paused.

John Greylston was really touched, and he laid his hand kindly on his sister's shoulder.

"Come, come, Madge, don't talk so sadly. I remember and love those things as well as you do, but then you see I cannot afford to neglect my interests for weak sentiment. Now the road must be made, and that clump of trees stand directly in its course, and they must come down, or the road will have to take a curve nearly half a mile round, striking into one of

my best meadows, and a good deal more expense this will be, too. No, no," he continued eagerly, "I can't oblige you in this thing. This place is mine, and I will improve it as I please. I have kept back from making many a change for your sake, but just here I am determined to go on." And all this was said with a raised voice and a flushed face.

"You never spoke so harshly to me in your life before, John, and, after all, what have I done? Call my feelings on this matter weak sentiment, if you choose, but it is hard to hear such words from your lips," and, with a reproachful sigh, Miss Margaret walked into the house.

They had been a large family, those Greylstons, in their day, but now all were gone; all but John and Margaret, the two eldest—the twin brother and sister. They lived alone in their beautiful country home; neither had ever been married. John had once loved a fair young creature, with eyes like heaven's stars, and rose-tinged cheeks and lips, but she fell asleep just one month before her wedding day, and John Greylston was left to mourn over her early grave, and his shivered happiness. Dearly Margaret loved her twin brother, and tenderly she nursed him through the long and fearful illness which came upon him after Ellen Day's death. Margaret Greylston was radiant in the bloom of young womanhood when this great grief first smote her brother, but from that very hour she put away from her the gaieties of life, and sat down by his side, to be to him a sweet, unselfish controller for evermore, and no lover could ever tempt her from her post.

"John Greylston will soon get over his sorrow; in a year or two Ellen will be forgotten for a new face."

So said the world; Margaret knew better. Her brother's heart lay before her like an open book, and she saw indelible lines of grief and anguish there. The old homestead, with its wide lands, belonged to John Greylston. He had bought it years before from the other heirs; and Margaret, the only remaining one, possessed neither claim nor right in it. She had a handsome annuity, however, and nearly all the rich plate and linen with which the house was stocked, together with some valuable pieces of furniture, belonged to her. And John and Margaret Greylston lived on in their quiet and beautiful home, in peace and happiness; their solitude being but now and then invaded by a flock of nieces and nephews, from the neighboring city—their only and well beloved relatives.

It was long after sunset. For two full hours the moon and stars had watched John Greylston, sitting so moodily alone upon the porch. Now he got up from his chair, and tossing his cigar away in the long grass, walked slowly into the house. Miss Margaret did not raise her head; her eyes, as well as her fingers, seemed intent upon the knitting she held. So her brother, after a hurried "Good night," took a candle and went up to his own room, never speaking one gentle word; for he said to himself, "I am not going to worry and coax with Margaret any longer about the old pines. She is really troublesome with her sentimental notions." Yet, after all, John Greylston's heart reproached him, and he felt restless and ill at ease.

Miss Margaret sat very quietly by the low table, knitting steadily on, but she was not thinking of her work, neither did she delight in the beauty of that still autumn evening; the tears came into her eyes, but she hastily brushed them away; just as though she feared John might unawares come back and find her crying.

Ah! these *way-side* thorns are little, but sometimes they pierce as sharply as the gleaming sword.

CHAPTER II.

"Good morning, John."

At the sound of that voice, Mr. Greylston turned suddenly from the book-case, and his sister was standing near him, her face lit up with a sweet, yet somewhat anxious smile. He threw down in a hurry the papers he had been tying together, and the bit of red tape, and holding out his hand, said fervently,

"I was very harsh last night. I am really sorry for it; will you not forgive me, Margaret?"

"To be sure I will; for indeed, John, I was quite as much to blame as you."

"No, Madge, you were not," he quickly answered; "but let it pass now. We will think and say no more about it;" and, as though he were perfectly satisfied, and really wished the matter dropped, John Greylston turned to his papers again.

So Miss Margaret was silent. She was delighted to have peace again, even though she felt anxious about the pines, and when her brother took his seat at the breakfast table, looking and speaking so kindly, she felt comforted to think the cloud had passed away; and John Greylston himself was very glad. So the two went on eating their breakfast quite happily. But alas! the storm is not always over when the sky grows light. Reuben crossed the

lawn, followed by the gardener, and Miss Margaret's quick eye caught the gleaming of the axes swung over their shoulders. She hurriedly set down the coffee pot.

"Where are those men going? Reuben and Tom, I mean."

"Only to the woods," was the careless answer.

"But what woods, John? Oh! I can tell by your face; you are determined to have the pines cut down."

"I am." And John Greylston folded his arms, and looked fixedly at his sister, but she did not heed him. She talked on eagerly,

"I love the old trees; I will do anything to save them. John, you spoke last night of additional expense, should the road take that curve. I will make it up to you; I can afford to do this very well. Now listen to reason, and let the trees stand."

"Listen to reason yourself," he answered more gently. "I will not take a cent from you, Margaret, you are a perfect enthusiast about some things. Now, I love my parents and old times, I am sure, as well as you do, and that love is not one bit the colder, because I do not let it stand in the way of interest. Don't say anything more. My mind is made up in this matter. The place is mine, and I cannot see that you have any right to interfere in the improvements I choose to make on it."

A deep flush stole over Miss Greylston's face.

"I have indeed no legal right to counsel or plead with you about these things," she answered sadly, "but I have a sister's right, that of affection—you cannot deny this, John. Once again, I beg of you to let the old pines alone."

"And once again, I tell you I will do as I please in this matter," and this was said sharply and decided.

Margaret Greylston said not another word, but pushing back her chair, she arose from the breakfast table and went quickly from the room, even before her brother could call to her. Reuben and his companion had just got in the last meadow when Miss Greylston overtook them.

"You will let the pines alone to-day," she calmly said, "go to any other work you choose, but remember, those trees are not to be touched."

"Very well, Miss Margaret," and Reuben touched his hat respectfully.

"Mr. John is very changeable in his notions," burst in Tom; "not an hour ago he was in such hurry to get us at the pines."

"Never mind," authoritatively said Miss Greylston, "do just as you are bid, without any remarks," and she turned away, and went down

the meadow path, even as she came, with a quick step, without a bonnet, shading her eyes from the morning sun with her handkerchief.

John Greylston still sat at the breakfast table, half dreamily balancing the spoon across the saucer's edge. When his sister came in again, he raised his head, and mutely-enquiringly looked at her, and she spoke—

"I left this room just to go after Reuben and Tom; I overtook them before they had crossed the last meadow, and I told them not to touch the pine trees, but to go, instead, to any other work they choose. I am sure you will be angry with me for all this, but John, I cannot help it if you are."

"Don't say so, Margaret," Mr. Greylston sharply answered, getting up at the same time from his chair, "don't tell me you could not help it. I have talked and reasoned with you about those trees, until my patience is completely worn out; there is no necessity for you to be such an obstinate fool."

"Oh! John, hush, hush."

"I will not," he thundered. "I am master here, and I will speak and act in this house as I see fit. Now, who gave you liberty to command my orders; to send my servants back from the work I had set for them to do? Margaret, I warn you, for any more such freaks, you and I, brother and sister though we be, will live no longer under the same roof."

"Be still, John Greylston! Remember *her* patient, self-sacrificing love. Remember the past—be still." But he would not; relentlessly, stubbornly, the waves of passion raged on in his soul.

"Now, you hear all this; do not forget it; and have done with your silly obstinacy as soon as possible, for I will be worried no longer with it," and roughly pushing away the slight hand which was laid upon his arm, Mr. Greylston stalked out of the house.

For a moment, Margaret stood where her brother had left her, just in the centre of the floor. Her cheeks were very white, but quickly a crimson flush came over them, and her eyes filled with tears; then she sat down upon the wide chintz-covered settle, and hiding her face in the pillows, wept violently for a long time.

* * * * *

"I have consulted Margaret's will always; in many things I have given up to it, but here, where reason is so fully on my side, I will go on. I have no patience with her weak stubbornness, no patience with her presumption in forbidding my servants to do as I have told them; such measures I will never allow in my house," and John Greylston, in his angry

musings, struck his cane smartly against a tall crimson dahlia, which grew in the grass plat. It fell quivering across his path, but he walked on, never heeding what he had done. There was a faint sense of shame rising in his heart, a feeble conviction of having been himself to blame; but just then they seemed only to fan and increase his keen indignation. Yet in the midst of his anger, John Greylston had the delicate consideration for his sister and himself to repeat to the men the command she had given them.

"Do as Miss Greylston bade you; let the trees stand until further orders." But pride prompted this, for he said to himself, "If Margaret and I keep at this childish work of unsaying each other's commands, that sharp old fellow, Reuben, will suspect that we have quarrelled."

Mr. Greylston's wrath did not abate, and when he came home at dinner time, and found the table so nicely set, and no one but the little servant to wait upon him, Margaret away, shut up with a bad head-ache, in her own room, he some how felt relieved,—just then he did not want to see her. But when even-tide came, and he sat down to supper, and missed again his sister's calm and pleasant face, a half-regretful feeling stole over him, and he grew lonely, for John Greylston's heart was the home of every kindly affection. He loved Margaret dearly. Still, pride and anger kept him aloof from her; still his soul was full of harsh, unforgiving thoughts. And Margaret Greylston, as she laid with a throbbing head and an aching heart upon her snowy pillow, thought the hours of that bright afternoon and evening very long and very weary. And yet those hours were full of light, and melody, and fragrance, for the sun shone, and the sky was blue, the birds sang, and the waters rippled; even the Autumn flowers were giving their sweet, last kisses to the air. Earth was fair,—why, then, should not human hearts rejoice? Ah! *Nature's* loveliness *alone* cannot cheer the soul. There was once a day when the beauty even of *Edea* ceased to gladden two guilty tremblers who hid in its bower.

CHAPTER III.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." When Margaret Greylston came across that verse, she closed her Bible, and sat down beside the window to muse. "Ah," she thought, "how true is that saying of the wise man. If I had only from the first given John soft answers, instead of grievous words, we might now have been at peace. I knew his quick temper so well; I should have been more gentle with him." Then she recalled

all John's constant and tender attention to her wishes; the many instances in which he had gone back from his own pleasure to gratify her, but whilst she remembered these things, never once did her noble, unselfish heart dwell upon the sacrifices, great and numerous, which she had made for his sake. Miss Margaret began to think she had indeed acted very weakly and unjustly towards her brother. She had half a mind just then to go to him, and make this confession. But she looked out and saw the dear old trees, so stately and beautiful, and then the memory of all John's harsh and cruel words rushed back upon her. She struggled vainly to banish them from her mind; she strove to quell the angry feelings which arose with those memories. At last she knelt and prayed. When she got up from her knees traces of tears were on her face, but her heart was calm. Margaret Greylston had been enabled, in the strength of "that grace which cometh from above," to forgive her brother freely, yet she scarcely hoped that he would give her the opportunity to tell him this.

"Good morning," John Greylston said, curtly and chillingly enough to his sister. Somehow she was disappointed, even though she knew his proud temper so well, yet she had prayed that there would have been some kindly relentings towards her; but there seemed none. So she answered him sadly, and the two sat down to their gloomy, silent breakfast. And thus it was all that day. Mr. Greylston still mute and ungracious; his sister shrank away from him. In that mood she scarcely knew him, and her face was grave, and her voice so sad, even the servants wondered what was the matter. Margaret Greylston had fully overcome all angry, reproachful feelings against her brother. So far her soul had peace, yet she mourned for his love, his kind words, and pleasant smiles, and she longed to tell him this, but his coldness held her back. Mr. Greylston found his comfort in every way consulted; favorite dishes were silently placed before him; sweet flowers, as of old, laid upon his table. He knew the hand which wrought these loving acts. But did this knowledge melt his heart? In a little while we shall see.

And the third morning dawned. Yet the cloud seemed in no wise lifted. John Greylston's portrait hung in the parlor; it was painted in his young days, when he was very handsome. His sister could not weary of looking at it; to her this picture seemed the very embodiment of beauty. Dear, unconscious soul, she never thought how much it was like herself, or even the portrait of her which hung in the opposite

recess—for brother and sister strikingly resembled each other. Both had the same high brows, the same deep blue eyes and finely chiseled features, the same sweet and pleasant smiles; there was but one difference: Miss Margaret's hair was of a pale golden color, and yet unchanged; she wore it now put back very smoothly and plainly from her face. When John was young his curls were of so dark a brown as to look almost black in the shade. They were bleached a good deal by time, but yet they clustered round his brow in the same careless, boyish fashion as of old.

Just now Miss Margaret could only look at her brother's picture with tears. On that very morning she stood before it, her spirit so full of tender memories, so crowded with sad yearnings, she felt as though they would crush her to the earth. Oh, weary heart! *endure* yet "a little while" longer. Even now the angel of reconciliation is on the wing.

Whilst John Greylston sat alone upon the foot of the porch at the front of the house, and his sister stood so sadly in the parlor, the city stage came whirling along the dusty turnpike. It stopped for a few minutes opposite the lane which led to John Greylston's place. The door was opened and a grave looking young man sprang out. He was followed by a fairy little creature, who clapped her hands, and danced for joy when she saw the white chimneys and vine-covered porches of "Greylston Cottage."

"Annie! Annie!" but she only laughed, and gathering up the folds of her travelling dress, managed to get so quickly and skilfully over the fence, that her brother, who was unfastening the gate, looked at her in perfect amazement.

"What in the world," he asked, with a smile on his grave face, "possessed you to get over the fence in that monkey fashion? All those people looking at you, too. For shame, Annie! Will you never be done with these childish capers?"

"Yes, may be when I am a grey-haired old woman; not before. Don't scold now, Richard, you know very well you, and the passengers beside, would give your ears to climb a fence as gracefully as I did just now. There, won't you hand me my basket, please?"

He did so, and then, with a gentle smile, took the white, ungloved fingers in his.

"My darling Annie, remember"—

"Stage waits," cried the driver.

So Richard Bermon's lecture was cut short; he had only time to bid his merry young sister good-bye. Soon he was lost to sight.

Annie Bermond hurried down the lane, swinging her light willow basket carelessly on her

arm, and humming a joyous air all the way. Just as she opened the outer lawn gate, the great Newfoundland dog came towards her with a low growl; it changed directly though into a glad bark.

"I was sure you would know me, you dear old fellow; but I can't stop to talk to you just now." And Annie patted his silken ears, and then went on to the house, the dog bounding on before her, as though he had found an old playmate.

John Greylston rubbed his eyes. No, it was not a dream. His darling niece was really by his side, her soft curls touching his cheek; he flung his arms tightly around her.

"Dear child, I was just dreaming about you; how glad I am to see your sweet face again."

"I was sure you would be, Uncle John," she answered gaily, "and so I started off from home this morning just, in a hurry. I took a sudden fancy that I would come, and they could not keep me. But where is dear Aunt Margaret? Oh, I know what I will do. I'll just run in and take her by surprise. How well you look, uncle—so noble and grand too; by the way, I always think King Robert Bruce must just have been such a man like you."

"No laughing at your old uncle, you little rogue," said John Greylston pleasantly, "but run and find your aunt. She is somewhere in the house." And he looked after her with a loving smile as she flitted by him.

Annie Bermond passed quickly through the shaded sitting room into the cool and matted hall, catching glimpses as she went of the pretty parlor and wide library; but her aunt was in neither of these rooms; so she hurried up stairs, and stealing on tiptoe, with gentle fingers she pushed open the door. Margaret Greylston was sitting by the table, sewing; her face was flushed, and her eyes red and swollen as with weeping. Annie stood still in wonder. But Miss Margaret suddenly looked up, and her niece sprang, with a glad cry, into her arms.

CHAPTER IV.

"You are not well, Aunt Margaret? Oh! how sorry I am to hear that, but it seems to me I could never get sick in this sweet place; every thing looks so bright and lovely here. And I would come this morning, Aunt Margaret, in spite of every thing Sophy and all of them could say. They told me I had been here once before this summer, and staid a long time, and if I would come again, my welcome would be worn out, just as if I was going to believe such nonsense," and Annie tossed her head. "But I persevered, and you see, Aunty dear, I am

here, we will trust for some good purpose, as Richard would say."

A silent Amen to this rose up in Miss Margaret's heart, and with it came a hope dim and shadowy, yet beautiful withal; she hardly dared to cherish it. Annie went on talking,—

"I can only stay two weeks with you—school commences then, and I must hurry back to it, but I am always so glad to get here, away from the noise and dust of the city; this is the best place in the world. Do you know when we were travelling this summer, I was pining all the time to get here. I was so tired of Newport and Saratoga, and all the crowds we met."

"You are singular in your tastes, some would think, Annie," said Miss Greylston, smiling fondly on her darling.

"So Madge and Sophy were always saying; even Clare laughed at me, and my brothers, too, —only Richard,—Oh! by the way, I did torment him this morning, he is so grave and good, and he was just beginning a nice lecture at the gate, when the driver called, and poor Richard had only time to send his love to you. Wasn't it droll, though, that lecture being cut so short?" and Annie threw herself down in the great cushioned chair, and laughed heartily.

Annie Bermond was the youngest of John and Margaret Greylston's nieces and nephews. Her beauty, her sweet and sunny temper made her a favorite at home and abroad. John Greylston loved her dearly; he always thought she looked like his chosen bride, Ellen Day. Perhaps there was some likeness, for Annie had the same bright eyes, and the same pouting, rose-bud lips—but Margaret thought she was more like their own family. She loved to trace a resemblance in the smiling face, rich golden curls, and slight figure of Annie to her young sister Edith, who died when Annie was a little baby. Just sixteen years old was Annie, and wild and active as any deer, as her city-bred sisters sometimes declared half mournfully.

Somehow, Annie Bermond thought it uncommonly grave and dull at the dinner table, yet why should it be so? Her uncle and aunt, as kind and dear as ever, were there; she, herself, a blithe fairy, sat in her accustomed seat; the day was bright, birds were singing, flowers were gleaming, but there *was* a change. What could it be? Annie knew not, yet her quick perception warned her of the presence of some trouble—some cloud. In her haste to talk and cheer her uncle and aunt, the poor child said what would have been best left unsaid.

"How beautiful those trees are; I mean those pines on the hill; don't you admire them very much, Uncle John?"

"Tolerably," was the rather short answer. "I am too well used to trees to go into the raptures of my little city niece about them," and all this time Margaret looked fixedly down upon the floor.

"Don't you frown so, uncle, or I will run right home to-morrow," said Annie, with the assurance of a privileged pet, "but I was going to ask you about the rock just back of those pines. Do you and Aunt Margaret still go there to see the sunset? I was thinking about you these two past evenings, when the sunsets were so grand, and wishing I was with you on the rock, and you were both there, weren't you?"

This time John Greylston gave no answer, but his sister said briefly,—

"No, Annie, we have not been at the rock for several evenings," and then a rather painful silence followed.

Annie at last spoke,—

"You both, somehow, seem so changed and dull; I would just like to know the reason. May be aunty is going to be married. Is that it, Uncle John?"

Miss Margaret smiled, but the color came brightly to her face.

"If this is really so, I don't wonder you are sad and grave; you, especially, Uncle John; how lonely and wretched you would be! Oh! would you not be very sorry if Aunt Madge should leave you, never to come back again? Would not your heart almost break?"

John Greylston threw down his knife and fork violently upon the table, and pushing back his chair, went from the room.

Annie Bermond looked in perfect bewilderment at her aunt, but Miss Margaret was silent and tearful.

"Aunt! darling aunt! don't look so distressed," and Annie put her arms around her neck, "but tell me what have I done; what is the matter?"

Miss Greylston shook her head.

"You will not speak now, Aunt Margaret; you might tell me; I am sure something has happened to distress you. Just as soon as I came here, I saw a change, but I could not understand it. I cannot yet. Tell me, dear aunt," and she knelt beside her.

So Miss Greylston told her niece the whole story, softening, as far as truth would permit, many of John's harsh speeches; but she was not slow to blame herself. Annie listened attentively. Young as she was, her heart took in with the deepest sympathy the sorrow which shaded her beloved friends.

"Oh! I am so very sorry for all this," she said half crying; "but aunty, dear, I do not

think uncle will have those nice old trees cut down. He loves you too much to do it; I am sure he is sorry now for all those sharp things he said; but his pride keeps him back from telling you this, and may be he thinks you are angry with him still. Aunt Margaret, let me go and say to him that your love is as warm as ever, and that you forgive him freely. Oh! it may do so much good. May I not go?"

But Miss Greylston tightened her grasp on the young girl's hand.

"Annie, you do not know your uncle as well as I do. Such a step can do no good,—love, you cannot help us."

"Only let me try," she returned, earnestly, "Uncle John loves me so much, and on the first day of my visit, he will not refuse to hear me. I will tell him all the sweet things you said about him. I will tell him there is not one bit of anger in your heart, and that you forgive and love him dearly. I am sure when he hears this he will be glad. Any way, it will not make matters worse. Now, do have some confidence in me. Indeed I am not so childish as I seem. I am turned of sixteen now, and Richard and Sophy often say I have the heart of a woman, even if I have the ways of child. Let me go now, dear Aunt Margaret, I will soon come back to you with such good news."

Miss Greylston stooped down and kissed Annie's brow solemnly, tenderly. "Go, my darling, and may God be with you." Then she turned away.

CHAPTER V.

And with willing feet Annie Bermond went forth upon her blessed errand. She soon found her uncle. He was sitting beneath the shade of the old pines, and he seemed to be in very deep thought. Annie got down on the grass beside him, and laid her soft cheek upon his sunburnt hand. How gently he spoke:

"What did you come here for, sweet bird?"

"Because I love you so much, Uncle John; that is the reason; but won't you tell me why you look so very sad and grave? I wish I knew your thoughts just now."

"And if you did, fairy, they would not make you any prettier or better than you are."

"I wonder if they do you any good, uncle?" she quickly replied; but her companion made no answer; he only smiled.

Let me write here what John Greylston's tongue refused to say. Those thoughts, indeed, had done him good; they were tender, self-upbraiding, loving thoughts, mingled, all the while, with touching memories, mournful glimpses of the past—the days of his sore bereavement, when the coffin-lid was first shut down over

Ellen Day's sweet face, and he was smitten to the earth with anguish. Then Margaret's sympathy and love, so beautiful in its strength and unselfishness, so unwearying and sublime in its sacrifices, became to him a stay and comfort. And had she not, for his sake, uncomplainingly given up the best years of her life, as it seemed? Had her love ever faltered? Had it ever wavered in its sweet endeavors to make him happy? These memories, these thoughts, closed round John Greylston like a circle of rebuking angels. Not for the first time were they with him when Annie found him beneath the old pines. Ever since that morning of violent and unjust anger they had been struggling in his heart, growing stronger, it seemed, every hour in their reproachful tenderness. Those loving, silent attentions to his wishes John Greylston had noted, and they rankled like sharp thorns in his soul. He was not worthy of them; this he knew. How he loathed himself for his sharp and angry words. He had it in his heart to tell his sister this, but an overpowering shame held him back.

"If I only knew how Madge felt towards me," he said many times to himself, "then I could speak; but I have been such a brute. She can do nothing else but repulse me;" and this threw around him that chill reserve which kept Margaret's generous and forgiving heart at a distance.

Even every-day life has its wonders, and perhaps not one of the least was that this brother and sister, so long fellow-pilgrims, so long readers of each other's hearts, should for a little while be kept asunder by a mutual blindness. Yet the hand which is to chase the mists from their darkened eyes, even now is raised, what though it be but small? God in his wisdom and mercy will cause its strength to be sufficient.

When John Greylston gave his niece no answer, she looked intently in his face and said—

"You will not tell me what you have been thinking about; but I can guess, Uncle John. I know the reason you did not take Aunt Margaret to the rock to see the sunset."

"Do you?" he asked, startled from his composure, his face flushing deeply.

"Yes; for I would not rest until aunty told me the whole story, and I just came out to talk to you about it. Now, Uncle John, don't frown, and draw away your hand; just listen to me a little while; I am sure you will be glad." Then she repeated, in her pretty, girlish way, touching in its earnestness, all Miss Greylston had told her. "Oh, if you had only heard her say those sweet things, I know you would not keep vexed one minute longer! Aunt Margaret told me that she did not blame you at all, only herself; that she loved you dearly, and she is so

sorry because you seem cold and angry yet, for she wants so very, very much to beg your forgiveness, and tell you all this, dear Uncle John, if you would only—"

"Annie," he suddenly interrupted, drawing her closely to his bosom; "Annie, you precious child, in telling me all this you have taken a great weight off of my heart. You have done your old uncle a world of good. God bless you a thousand times! If I had known this right away; if I had been sure, from the first, of Margaret's forgiveness for my cruel words, how quickly I would have sought it. My dear, noble sister." The tears filled John Greylston's dark blue eyes, but his smile was so exceedingly tender and beautiful, that Annie drew closer to his side.

"Oh, that lovely smile!" she cried, "how it lights your face; and now you look so good and forgiving, dearer and better even than a king. Uncle John, kiss me again, my heart is so glad; shall I run now and tell Aunt Margaret all this sweet news?"

"No, no, darling little peace-maker, stay here; I will go to her myself," and he hurried away.

Annie Bermond sat alone upon the hill, musingly plaiting the long grass together, but she heeded not the work of her fingers. Her face was bright with joy, her heart full of happiness. Dear child! in one brief hour she had learned the blessedness of that birthright which is for *all* God's sons and daughters, if they will but claim it. I mean *the privilege of doing good, of being useful.*

CHAPTER VI.

Miss Greylston sat by the parlor window, just where she could see who crossed the lawn. She was waiting with a kind of nervous impatience for Annie. She heard a footstep, but it was only Liddy going down to the dairy. Then Reuben went by on his way to the meadow, and all was silent again. Where was Annie?—but now quick feet sounded upon the crisp and faded leaves. Miss Margaret looked out, and saw her brother coming,—then she was sure Annie had in some way missed him, and she drew back from the window keenly disappointed, not even a faint suspicion of the blessed truth crossing her mind. As John Greylston entered the hall, a sudden and irresistible desire prompted Margaret to go and tell him all the loving and forgiving thoughts of her heart, no matter what his mood should be. So she threw down her work, and went quickly towards the parlor door. And the brother and sister met, just on the threshold.

"John—John," she said falteringly, "I must speak to you; I cannot bear this any longer."

"Nor can I, Margaret."

Miss Greylston looked up in her brother's face; it was beaming with love and tenderness. Then she knew the hour of reconciliation had come, and with a quick, glad cry, she sprang into his arms, and laid her head down upon his shoulder.

"Can you ever forgive me, Madge?"

She made no reply—words had melted into tears, but they were eloquent, and for a little while it was quite still in the parlor.

"You shall blame yourself no longer, Margaret. All along you have behaved like a sweet Christian woman as you are, but I have been an old fool, unreasonable and cross from the very beginning. Can you really forgive me all those harsh words, for which I hated myself not ten hours after they were said? Can you, indeed, forgive and forget these? Tell me so again."

"John," she said, raising her tearful face from his shoulder, "I do forgive you most completely, with my whole heart, and Oh! I wanted so to tell you this two days ago, but your coldness kept me back. I was afraid your anger was not over, and that you would repel me."

"Ah, that coldness was but shame—deep and painful shame. I was needlessly harsh with you, and moments of reflection only served to fasten on me the belief that I had lost all claim to your love, that you could not forgive me. Yes! I did misjudge you, Madge, I know, but when I looked back upon the past, and all your faithful love for me, I saw you as I had ever seen you, the best of sisters, and then my shameful and ungrateful conduct rose up clearly before me. I felt so utterly unworthy."

Miss Greylston laid her finger upon her brother's lips.

"Nor will I listen to you blaming yourself so heavily any longer. John, you had cause to be angry with me; I was unreasonably urgent about the trees," and she sighed; "I forgot to be gentle and patient; so you see I am to blame as well as yourself."

"But I forgot even common kindness and courtesy," he said gravely. "What demon was in my heart, Margaret, I do not know. Avarice, I am afraid, was at the bottom of all this, for rich as I am, I somehow felt very obstinate about running into any more expense or trouble about the road; and then, you remember, I never could love inanimate things as you do. But from this time forth I will try—and the pines!"—

"Let the pines go down, my dear brother, I see now how unreasonable I have been," suddenly interrupted Miss Greylston, "and indeed

these few days past I could not look at them with any pleasure; they only reminded me of our separation. Cut them down, I will not say one word."

"Now, what a very woman you are, Madge. Just when you have gained your will, you want to turn about; but, love, the trees shall not come down. I will give them to you, and you cannot refuse my peace-offering; and never whilst John Greylston lives, shall an axe touch those pines, unless you say so, Margaret."

He laughed when he said this, but her tears were falling fast.

"Next month will be November; then comes our birth-day; we will be fifty years old, Margaret. Time is hurrying on with us; he has given me grey locks, and laid some wrinkles on your dear face; but that is nothing if our hearts are untouched. Oh, for so many long years, ever since my Ellen was snatched from me," and here John Greylston paused a moment, "you have been to me a sweet, faithful comforter. Madge, dear twin sister, your love has always been a treasure to me; but you well know for many years past it has been my *only* earthly treasure. Henceforth, God helping me, I will seek to restrain my evil temper. I will be more watchful; if sometimes I fail, Margaret, will you not love me, and bear with me?"

Was there any need for that question? Miss Margaret only answered by clasping her brother's hand more closely in her own. As they stood there in the autumn sunlight, united so lovingly, hand in hand, each silently prayed that thus it might be with them always; not only through life's autumn, but in that winter so surely *for them* approaching, and which would give place to the fair and beautiful spring of the better land.

Annie Bermond's bright face looked in timidly at the open door.

"Come here, darling, come and stand right beside your old uncle and aunt, and let us thank you with all our hearts for the good you have done us. Don't cry any more, Margaret. Why, fairy, what is the matter with you?" for Annie's tears were falling fast upon his hand.

"I hardly know, Uncle John, I never felt so glad in my life before, but I cannot help crying. Oh, it is so sweet to think the cloud has gone."

"And whose dear hand, under God's blessing, drove the cloud away, but yours, my child?"

Annie was silent, she only clung the tighter to her uncle's arm, and Miss Greylston said, with a beaming smile,

"Now, Annie, we see the good purpose God

had in sending you here to-day. You have done for us the blessed work of a peace-maker."

Annie had always been dear to her uncle and aunt, but from that golden autumn day, she became, if such a thing could be, dearer than ever—bound to them by an exceedingly sweet tie.

Years went by. One snowy evening, a merry Christmas party was gathered together in the wide parlor at Greylston Cottage,—nearly all the nephews and nieces were there. Mrs. Lennox, the "Sophy" of earlier days, with her husband; Richard Bermond and his pretty little wife were amongst the number; and Annie, dear, bright Annie—her fair face only the fairer and sweeter for time—sat, talking in a corner with young Walter Selwyn. John Greylston went slowly to the window, and pushed aside the curtains, and as he stood there looking out somewhat gravely in the bleak and wintry night, he felt a soft hand touch him, and he turned and found Annie Bermond by his side.

"You looked so lonely, my dear uncle."

"And that is the reason you deserted Walter?" he said, laughing. "Well, I will soon send you back to him. But, look out here first, Annie, and tell me what you see;" and she laid her face close to the window pane, and, after a minute's silence, said:

"I see the ground white with snow, the sky gleaming with stars, and the dear old pines, tall and stately as ever."

"Yes, the pines; that is what I meant, my child. Ah, they have been my silent monitors ever since that day; you remember it, Annie! Bless you child! how much good you did us then."

But Annie was silently crying beside him. John Greylston wiped his eyes, and then he called his sister Margaret to the window.

"Annie and I have been looking at the old pines, and you can guess what we were thinking about. As for myself," he added, "I never see those trees without feeling saddened and rebuked. I never recall that season of error, without the deepest shame and grief. And still the old pines stand. Well, Madge, one day they will shade our graves, and of late I have thought that day would dawn very soon."

Annie Bermond let the curtain fall very slowly forward, and buried her face in her hands; but the two old pilgrims by her side, John and Margaret Greylston, looked at each other with a smile of hope and joy. They had long been "good and faithful servants," and now they awaited the coming of "the Master," with a calm, sweet patience, knowing it would

be well with them, when He would call them hence.

The pines creaked mournfully in the winter wind, and the stars looked down upon bleak wastes, and snow-shrouded meadows; yet the red blaze heaped blithely on the hearth, taking in, in its fair light, the merry circle sitting side by side, and the thoughtful little group standing so quietly by the window. * * * And even now the picture fades, and is gone. The curtain falls—the story of John and Margaret Greylston is ended.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

BY B. HATHAWAY.

How thrills my bosom to thy mystic rays,
E'en as to radiant smiles in Beauty's keeping;
Through all the quiet of thy golden days,
Like all things mantled in a dreamy haze;
Like wearied bosom in its tranquil sleeping,—
Like gentle calm that cometh after weeping,—
Thine are the loveliest days!

I have had visions of a fairy clime,
Where Spring-time blooming over all was lying;
Where winged moments were a charmed time,—
Where song of Flora in her joy and prime,
Woke minstrel echo with his joy-replying,
From morning's dawning until vesper's sighing,—
Through all the charmed time.

Thy light o'erlying all the azure wall,
So softly mellowed in its peerless shining;
Thy pensive sunshine brooding over all,
And lingering even where the shadows fall—
Thy frosted wreath of vernal season's twining,—
Thy faded scrolls, thy own fond first love's lining,—
These do surpass them all.

A smile is living in thy azure clear,
Like soft regret some tender thought suffusing;
Like heart-high throbbing with a wealth of cheer,
Though known of grief, nor stranger unto fear—
Though lone and saddened, yet in hopeful musing,
When some High Faith hath recompensed its losing,
With well-enduring cheer.

I know thy waning life is fleeting fast,
Though yet but little of its glory losing;
As though thy hour most beauteous were last—
Like faithful spirit, when its strife is pass'd,
In bosom of a Deathless Hope reposing;—
So may my days, when hastening to their closing,
Grow brighter till the last.

There is no trifling with Nature; it is always true, grave and severe; it is always in the right, and the faults and errors fall to our share. It defies incompetency, but reveals its secrets to the competent, the truthful, and the pure.

TROUBLE ABOUT A LOG CHAIN.

[Mrs. Swisshelm writes for the Pittsburg Visiter the subjoined "Romance in Real Life," which reads very much as if it were true. Few passions are more debasing than the love of money for its own sake. It destroys all the better principles of the mind, and all the heart's tenderest, truest, and best affections. A sadder picture than this, of heartless humanity, is rarely seen:]

There was a burial lately: and he who was dead, had, but the day before, looked out on sleek cattle, strong horses, bending fruit trees, and broad acres, all his own. In his desk lay title deeds to city property, and acknowledgements of cash at interest; so that the value of his possessions was variously estimated at from twenty thousand dollars to twice that amount. He had begun life poor, and made his first stage on the road to fortune, in a small retail liquor business, where he had often served lads, mere children, with a penny's worth of stimulant, and taken bits of old iron or broken glass in exchange. From these small beginnings, he rose to be a man of importance, but ever pursued habits of very "strict economy." His wife and children were well instructed in the value of money, before he, in life's autumn, was called to resign it into their hands. To show that they had profited by his precept and example, a member of his family visited an undertaker, when a coffin was required for his accommodation, and made so close a bargain, that the undertaker did not feel it would pay to give his personal attention to the interment, but sent the narrow chamber with a driver; and, said one who was an onlooker, "of all his possessions he had not the benefit of shroud, glove, or stocking;" but, rolled up in the sheet on which he had died, was with great difficulty, for want of assistance, placed in his coffin, when a second trouble occurred to get the lid screwed on, the driver not understanding the operation. This once accomplished, all hands, including male mourners, were required to get it placed in the hearse. A sympathizing neighbor inquired of the favorite daughter of the deceased, "Did he look like himself?" "Do not know," was the reply; "I did not look at him!" She had left the house, without looking at him, two hours after he was pronounced past recovery, and only returned to attend the funeral. The same neighbor inquired of the driver if there was a lock on the hearse wheels? No. Would the horses hold back well? Did not know; when Mr. Benevolence protested there must be some way of locking the wheels, as there was a

very steep hill to go down on the road to the grave. While search was made for some means of securing the wheels, the mourners stood out ready to enter the one carriage which was to take them, and which had been supplied and was to be driven by this same Mr. B.

All that could be found to take the place of a lock was a log chain, and when this was brought forward, the favorite daughter, whom we shall call Lady Log Chain, exclaimed "If he takes that, he must leave it on the road, or we shall never get it again!"

The short cortegé started. The hill was reached, and the wheels made fast with the log chain, but still so abrupt was the descent, and so badly trained the horses, that there appeared imminent danger of being tumbled into a ravine, horses, hearse, driver and all. Mr. Benevolence became excited and forgot about the log chain; so, it is probable, did the driver, for when he reached the foot of the hill, instead of depositing it at the road side, to be taken home by the mourners on their return, as he had been directed to do, he threw the heavy links up on his foot-board, perhaps thinking that they might be again wanted before the trip was finished.

Mr. Benevolence, in his relief at seeing the coffin safe at the bottom of the hill, overlooked this looking towards petty larceny: not so the mourning daughter, for in great alarm she called out, "there now, he is taking it with him!"

"Never mind!" once more repeated the surety for the log chain, as he laid his hand upon her shoulder to keep her in her seat. "Never mind, I will make him leave it!"

So when he was himself safely at the foot of the hill, he called out, "Halloo there!" but the rattle of the hearse's wheels kept the driver from hearing.

"He is not stopping," said Lady L——, and "HALLOO!" shouted the surety. The driver looked round.

"There, leave that log chain inside the fence there! Throw it over!"

The driver stood up, took up the heavy chain and with his utmost exertion of strength sent it flying in the required direction, the sorrowing daughter leaning over the carriage side to see that it fell in a safe place. It alighted in a neighbor's yard, when Mr. Benevolence called out to the occupants of the house, "Take care of that till we come back!"

The mourner was comforted, the cortegé proceeded, and the log chain was saved.

MORAL.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Teach your neighbor's children to know the

value of old iron when reduced to whiskey, and when you get old maybe your own heir may know the value of a log chain.

ARE CHOIR-SINGERS QUARRELSOME?

[We take from the New York Musical Review a defence of Choir-Singers from the charge of being more irascible than other people. Its suggestions are worthy of observation.]

Good.
The *gusto* with which hard things are said about choir-singers would, in a better cause, be refreshing. One would think that the donation of their time, services, and oftentimes money, for the good of the congregation, should exempt their private foibles from the animadversion to which the publicity of their position exposes them; but in too many instances this is far from being the case. The clergyman, if he thinks of them at all, regards them only as a hornet's nest into which it is neither safe nor agreeable to put his head. If, when buffeted on the one cheek by the elders, deacons, and members of the congregation generally, for delinquencies, imaginary as well as real, they do not meekly turn the other also; if, in short, they do not exhibit a superhuman stoicism to criticism, whether made in a manner uncalled for or unkind—they are at once set down as the most unmanageable, irascible class of persons in the world. Now, we do not deny that singers have faults as well as other people. They sometimes entertain no higher ideas of the solemnity and importance of public praise than do congregations that expect them to sing sacred words while subscriptions are being taken, the contribution-box passed, and other tedious and perhaps disagreeable things done; sometimes, we are sorry to confess, their behavior is light, trifling, and unbecoming the house of God; though, if we may trust our own observation, instances of this are much more rare than is generally supposed. But even admitting all this, we are by no means prepared, without examination, to accept the commonly-received opinion that singers are more irascible than others, or that choirs are more unmanageable than other organizations. Why should they be? Is there anything in the physical, mental, or moral conformation of a singer that makes him a monster? We have never discovered it. To be a musician, it is true, one must have a delicate and well-developed sensitivity—must feel keenly, else he can not give expression to musical sentiment and passion. But refinement of sensibility does not necessarily make a man quarrelsome. If you could bring together from all the choirs of the land, the persons who make

trouble in them, they would turn out to be, not the ones who have the most music in their souls, not the genuine lovers of the beautiful, not the most intelligent and refined, not those who have an elevated conception of divine praise; but they will be found to belong to one of the following classes: 1st. A stupid, thick-headed class of persons who have no musical appreciation, and are constantly treading on people's toes because they don't know any better. 2d. Persons who have some little appreciation and love of music, but who love their own petty plans of self-aggrandizement more. These are the ones who, though unfit to occupy the head seats, care more for them than those do who really are fit. 3d. A brainless and consequently narrow-minded class of fops and would-be belles, who pretend to be the very quintessence of refinement, but who seek to conceal their ignorance and inability to read the music selected by the chorister by turning up their delicate noses at it, and resorting to smelling-bottles and fidgets as a means of indicating the terrible martyrdom their musical susceptibilities are undergoing.

These are the different classes of one-sided, ill-balanced persons who make trouble in choirs. A moment's reflection will show that these three classes put together, bear a very small proportion to the genuine choir-singers, who sing because they love music, love the praises of God's house, and esteem it a privilege no less than a duty to join their hearts and voices in a service so richly fraught with holy joy. It is unjust and absurd, therefore, to fasten upon the great body of sensible, loving choir-singers, the opprobrium that belongs only to a few cross-grained beings who are totally unfit to take part in so solemn and dignified a service. It is unfortunately the case, however, that the slightest difficulty in a choir, is from the very relation of that body to the general assembly, blazoned all over the congregation, while the seasons of pleasant practice, the kind and affectionate regards, and the many, many hours of unalloyed pleasure that gild a choir's unwritten history, are unknown and unappreciated by the great mass of the people. This accounts for the gross injustice done them as a class—an injustice that, if done to any other class of the community, would meet with prompt and well-merited indignation. Until heart-burnings and jealousies cease to occur among lawyers, doctors, and merchants; in political organizations, temperance societies, aye, even in the churches of the Most High, let us hear no more about choir-singers being more irascible or unamiable than other people.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL JACKSON.

We remember, a few years since, says the editor of the West Chester Republican, to have called on Mr. Buchanan, in Philadelphia, when a number of his political friends were present, and the conversation turned on the character of Jackson. A gentleman present said he went one morning to the White House, during the stormiest period of his administration, and being on very intimate terms with the President and his family, the servant ushered him into the breakfast room, where he found the old General seated at the table, with two beautiful children clinging around his neck, and he remarked that the affectionate scene, with the curling locks of childhood mingling with the blanched hair of the venerable statesman, was a beautiful study for a painter. Mr. Buchanan said on that occasion, that he considered him the greatest man he had ever known, and yet he considered it difficult to point out any single talent that was remarkable. He was not a student in any department of learning, seldom reading a book, unless it was the Bible, and yet when subjects were introduced, which from his habits it was supposed he knew nothing of, he always joined in the conversation, and astonished those who knew the daily routine of his life, by his clear views on the question discussed. He considered that the great culminating point in the character of Jackson, was his thorough acquaintance with human nature. He read men by a kind of intuitive perception that was almost infallible, and those who went from his presence felt, that he had fathomed their characters to the very foundation.

Instead of being a rude and unpolished man, as many have erroneously supposed, he was considered by all who knew him intimately, as the very perfection of a gentleman. His manners were courteous in the extreme, and to illustrate this fact Mr. Buchanan related a striking incident. He said, on one occasion, he received a letter from an American lady, just returned from England, who had a daughter married to an individual of high rank among the English nobility. In her note to Mr. Buchanan, she informed him she bore a message to the President of the United States, from William IV., and she desired him to accompany her to the White House, in order that she might present it in person. Mr. B. obeyed her request, and they went to the President's mansion. He excused himself for a few moments, and went to the private room of the President, where he found him in the most wretched dishabille. He was clad in an old grey surtou coat, a dirty

shirt, his beard long, and to crown all, was smoking an old blackened pipe. Mr. B. acquainted him with the fact, that Mrs. —— was in another part of the mansion, with a message to him from the King of England. He was fearful the old General might walk down stairs to receive his visiter in that sorry plight, and therefore suggested to him whether he had not better arrange his dress and shave. His reply was, "Buchanan, I once knew a man who made a fortune by minding his own business—go down stairs, and say to Mrs. ——, I shall be happy to wait on her presently." He left the apartment, and in a very short time the old gentleman gracefully entered the room, dressed in a suit of rich black cloth, clean shaved, with his fine head of white hair carefully brushed, and received the lady with the greatest ease and polish of manners. She bore to him the kind salutations of the King, with a request that he would, after the expiration of his Presidential term, visit England. On their return from the White House, the lady expressed her high gratification, and the pleasure she had derived from the interview, and said, that she had visited every principal court in Europe, and mingled with those of the highest rank, but that Gen. Jackson, in all the attributes of gentlemanly courtesy, and highly refined manners, excelled every other man she had ever met.

WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

We might have been; these are but common words,
And yet they make the sum of life's bewailing:
They are the echo of those finer chords,
Whose music we deplore, when unavailing.

We might have been!

Life knoweth no like misery,—the rest
Are single sorrows; but in this are blended
All sweet emotions that disturb the breast;
The light that was once loveliest is ended;
We might have been!

Henceforth, how much of the full heart must be
A sealed book, at whose contents we tremble;
A still voice mutters 'mid our misery,—
The worst to hear, because it must disseminate,—
We might have been!

A Frenchman meeting an English soldier with a Waterloo medal, began sneeringly to animadvert on the British Government for bestowing such a trifle, which did not cost them three francs. "That is true, to be sure," replied the soldier; "it did not cost the English Government three francs, but it cost the French a *Napoleon*."

THE DARK HOUR.

BY REV. H. BASTINGS WELD.

I.

A woman, still in the bloom of youth, sat alone in a humble apartment. Alone,—and yet not alone; for, although there were none with whom she could exchange a thought, the basket-cradle at her foot sheltered a little being, which made Mary Irvine feel that, whatever the world might think, still she was *not* alone. Nor was she companionless; what mother is? To the stranger and the indifferent, the infant may seem, if not a cipher, a trouble, and a wearisome charge. But she whose own blood flows in its veins, never forgets, and never wearies.

We have said Mary was still in the bloom of youth. But the bloom was sadly faded. Care, suffering, want, had blanched the roses on her cheeks. A few days before, you might have discerned feverish anxiety there; but now, all that had passed. The expression of her face was thoughtful; but still it spake rest. She had drank of the cup of bitterness to its very dregs; but He who hears the sorrowful sighing of the wretched, had comforted her. The crisis had passed, and she felt that natural composure which steals on the soul, when all is done, and all is suffered,—the rest with which Heaven rewards the patient and the dutiful.

Her story was not a remarkable one; if by remarkable we mean to say unusual. The appearance of the house indicated something of it; for we imagine there is always a significance in the aspect of a dwelling which one of its late inmates has just left, to go to the “narrow house.” Mary’s husband had been consigned to the grave. The neighbors and friends who had aided in the melancholy bustle of the last offices, had returned to their homes, and Mary sat with her babe in the silent room.

The husband whom she had buried out of her sight was her choice,—her wilful choice, made in spite of the remonstrances, the objections, and the forebodings of her relatives. For a short time after her union, it seemed as if his life and prosperity were to prove her triumphant answer to their objections. All was sunny, cheerful, promising. And the very friends who had warned and expostulated with her, were willing to believe that they had been wrong, and Mary right; and that affection had not unerringly pointed out to her excellencies of character which they had not perceived. As if willing to atone for past enmity by warm friendship, they crowded advantages and facilities upon him, and liberally opened the way to wealth. For a time, all succeeded that he un-

dertook, and no young man in the city seemed more certainly assured of competence than he. And Mary, how happy she was! We can pardon her short period of exultation, for she bitterly suffered for it.

Some men cannot bear prosperity; and Henry Irvine was one of these. Give them discouragements to meet, and unpropitious circumstances to combat, and they hew their way with a silent pride and resolute perseverance which conquers all obstacles. But let the sun shine on them, then pride soon finds outrageous utterance, and their resolution degenerates into opinionated obstinacy. They take pleasure in contemning good advice, and will do wilfully wrong, and against their own conviction, to mark their independence. Henry Irvine took early occasion to retaliate upon his wife’s friends for what he affected to regard as their unwarrantable opposition. He accused them, while they were, in no small degree, the authors of his prosperity, as being drawn to him by it; and intimated that selfishness was the origin of their tardy friendship, no less than it had been of their former enmity.

Mary was a true wife. She saw the injustice of her husband, but declined to acknowledge it, even to herself. At length, the coolness became more and more chilling, until it resulted in irreparable estrangement between Irvine and the friends of his wife. He gloried in what he considered a complete, and endeavored to persuade himself, was a righteous revenge. He made his former opponents suitors for his friendship, and proudly spurned them. Such was his impression. Theirs was that they had overlooked the disagreeable character of their favorite’s husband, and striven to befriend him; but that, true to his natural low instincts, he had refused. Neither party was entirely right. When the breach became final, Mary Irvine deserted father and mother, and kindred, for her husband, and identified herself with him, so far as lingering first affections would permit. But, if her heart yearned over the dear first friends of her youth, she never suffered her conduct to betray what she accounted a weakness; but clung to her husband with a madness of affection, which deserved a better return than she received.

Henry Irvine, as we have said, could not bear prosperity. A secret reason, hardly acknowledged to himself, why he disliked his wife’s connexions, was because they perceived his dangers, and ventured to warn him. His sensitive pride took captious alarm, and he glared in mocking reproof, by persisting in indiscretion. The end of such a course is easily prophesied. He fell among thieves; and for

wounds of friends exchanged the selfish flattery of knaves. Plucked of money, and bankrupt in credit and character, he awoke at last to find himself a ruined man, with a meek, uncomplaining wife dependent on him, and feeling twice as keenly as he did, all his ruin and degradation. The temptation which has ruined many, came in to complete his destruction. He sought oblivion of his degradation in the wine-cup, and there lost the last redeeming trace or hope of manhood. It is a fearful fall, when the appetites triumph, and the reason is dethroned; when the man wakes only to misery, and rushes back to inebriation again, in the vain hope to forget himself.

A lower depth still remained; and Henry Irwine found even that. His jaundiced thoughts dared to suspect her who, for love of him, had surrendered friends, home, happiness, hope. Because she did not, and could not, rail against her own, as he did; because she was meek, and quiet, and uncomplaining, he quarrelled with her also. He charged that she hated him, and regretted that her fate was coupled with his. The last she could not deny; the first he saw in his own heart, and judged that it *must* be in hers also. It is their own fancied concealed reflection in the good that the wicked hate.

And he flared, moreover, to accuse his wife as the cause of all his misfortunes. He said she triumphed in them! Can we wonder that she would not say she did not? It might have been that she thought such a charge too wickedly preposterous to answer; or, it might have been that she was wearied into hate at last, and not pleased to find that there was one mode in which she could inflict pain on one who had heaped so many wrongs on her. Mary was drawing near her DARK HOUR.

II.

There is in most, if not in all careers, a moment—the crisis of a life;—an hour upon which all the future hangs. That crisis came to Mary Irwine.

Her house, derobed of many comforts, was not yet quite desolate. She clung, while a glimmer of hope remained, to her faith in her husband. She believed that all who knew him did not know his degradation. She thought that she had concealed it from many; and, fondly simpleton! imagined that men did not see through the hollowness of her smile, when she spoke of her husband.

It was night, and late. There were voices, and a rude knock at the door. She opened it, and her own brother entered, preceding the policemen, in whose custody he had found the inebriate husband. She looked, and compro-

hended all. They laid the senseless man on a sofa; and the strangers left the house.

"Put on your bonnet, Mary," said her brother, "and come home with me."

Mary cast an eye on the wreck of her love and hope. Loathing thoughts rose within her; she made one step as if to comply; for escape was now first in her thoughts, and she felt that she had borne all that human nature could endure. The child, disturbed in its sleep, recalled her to the thought how hopeless was escape;—the babe smiled, and in the smile she saw the sunshine of other days. Bowing over the cradle, she sobbed out of her heart all its stern resolves.

"Come!" said her brother.

"But, my child?"

"We will send for it," said the brother; but, perceiving a strange look, almost indignant, through her tears, "We will take it with us," he said. But the first careless expression had turned the scale. She made no answer, until, after waiting a moment in silence, her brother said, and now more sharply, "Come!"

"Wait till to-morrow."

"Now, or *never*!"

She made no reply; but bending over her infant soothed it again to sleep. She wavered—thought—parleyed; and was roused, at last, from a half dream by the noise of a closing door. She rose suddenly, and gazed wildly about her. Her brother had gone,—her dark hour had passed; for the temptation was withdrawn. Did she do right? Mark the sequel, and then answer.

III.

Henry Irwine awoke to consciousness in a burning fever. It was not merely that which invariably follows debauch, nor was it that terrific delirium consequent upon long indulgence in intoxication; for his fall had been rapid, and the time of his error short. But disappointment, excess, and exposure, had made him, in a short space, a perfect wreck. He obeyed her guidance like a child, and she conducted him to his bed, and then despatched the following note to an old friend:

"Mary Irwine hopes that, among all the friends of her better days, there is one left who will come to her in her extremity, with no impossible demands, and that she shall find that one friend in Dr. Ralph."

The physician, a benevolent old gentleman, was with her even before her messenger returned. He listened kindly; and if a thought of incredulity arose in his mind, he concealed it, and followed the wife, with kind words, as an equal, and not as a patron, to the bed-side of her husband. For a moment, he stood regard-

ing the sad picture; then, gently taking the debauchee's hand, proceeded mechanically to count his pulse.

"Oh, Doctor!" cried the sufferer, turning away, "this is the cruelty of kindness!" A suspicion occurred to and a dark shade came over his face. "No!" he shouted in a husky voice, "it is the keenness of insult!" He rose to spring forward—but his face became deadly pale, and he sank exhausted and powerless.

The Doctor sighed and turned away. He sat down and pencilled a prescription, and said, "I will call again."

"Will you, indeed?" said Mary, her face brightening up.

"Poor child!" said the old gentleman. "You are pleased to find that I admit that something ails him beside intoxication. Strange—strange—but very natural." And he hurried out.

Henry lay some hours, weak but conscious. Faithfully, but painfully did his wife attend upon him; for, while the necessity of attention and the promptings of her heart called her to his side, she grieved to see that the sight of her face disturbed him—disturbed him almost to distraction. And who can wonder?

It was a long, long day. And day passed into evening, and evening into midnight, before the care of her husband and her child suffered her to rest. Exhausted nature claimed her due, and Mary dreamed. She was back in the joy of other years—yet over that joy there seemed a sadness. People were decrying him to her, and she was zealously defending him—as she had often done. And while she dreamed she thought his pleasant voice spoke in her ear, "Mary!" Again it spoke, and now she sprang up and went to his bedside.

"Can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, dearest!" She did not know whether she was asleep or awake—whether he spoke in fact and deed, or whether the voice were a dream-voice. So, for want of further words, she placed her cheek to his.

"God bless you, Mary! Now I can rest."

He fell asleep. But the shock his health had received was not to be retrieved so easily as by one night's rest. On the morrow he was both better and worse—better, for there was less fever—worse, for there was less strength.

And so wore day after day. We need not relate how, with sure progress, but slow, death mastered his victim; for Henry Irwine's days were numbered. And we need not describe how the young wife hovered over his couch, and his weary life was closed in forgiveness and peace. Brothers and friends she lacked none now; for He who calls us hence by death, has surrounded

its approach with circumstances which remove enmities and disarm hate. He passed away quietly, and his last illness left a gentle memory of him in men's hearts.

There was a sound of wheels at the door. "Now, daughter," said her mother, as she entered, "we have come for you, as we promised. Come home again to our hearth and hearts. Forget that you were ever away."

Mary silently pointed to her child. Her mother could make no reply, and Mary said:

"With this memorial of him, mother, (and may God spare it for my memorial when I am gone,) I cannot forget that I have been away. And, O! how grateful am I, that once away, I stayed until now; that I remained here to see all reconciled on earth; to note the evidence in a meek and quiet, a repentant and resigned spirit, that all is forgiven in heaven! When this dear child shall live to ask of his father, now, mother, I can speak of the peaceful close of his brief day, but I need not of its dreadful storms."

And Mary Irwine bade adieu to the house in which she had met and conquered her DARK HOUR.

THOUGHTS AND SENTIMENTS.

"LOVE THINKETH NO EVIL!"—This divine virtue delights to speak well and think well of others; she talks of their good actions, and says little or nothing, except when necessity compels her, of their bad ones. She does not look around for evidence to prove an evil design, but hopes that what is doubtful will, by further light, appear to be correct. She imputes no evil as long as good is probable; she leans to the side of candor rather than that of severity; she makes every allowance that truth will permit; looks to all the circumstances which can be pleaded in mitigation; suffers not her opinions to be formed till she has had opportunity to escape from the mist of passion, and to cool from the wrath of contention. Love desires the happiness of others; and how can she be in haste to think evil of them?

The everlasting hills will crumble to dust, but the influence of a good act will never die. The earth will grow old and perish, but virtue in the heart will be ever green, and flourish through eternity. The moon and stars will grow dim, and the sun roll from the Heavens, but true religion and undefiled will grow brighter and brighter, and not cease to exist while God himself shall live.

enough of the old, who are still the keepers of the golden fleece, and who are the only ones who can be approached with any confidence, because of their knowledge of the past and the future.

There are two ways of getting to the gipsies. The first is to go to the gipsy camp, which is to be found in almost every town and city in the country. The second is to go to the gipsy camp, which is to be found in almost every town and city in the country.



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THE GIPSIES.

This singular and interesting people have so frequently figured in works of fiction and poesy, that their character and habits are pretty generally understood. Gipsies are found in all parts of the world. In Spain, they are called Gitanos, in France, Bohemians, in Italy, Zingari, and in England, Gipsies, which last term appears to be a corrupt abbreviation of the word Egyptians, from which country they were generally regarded as having come, when they made their first appearance in England.

Their olive-colored complexion and peculiar dialect, however, prove them to be of Oriental descent. Grellman, a learned German author, wrote a history of the gipsies, and collected a vocabulary of their language, which was found on examination by Sir William Jones and other Oriental linguists, to be "pure Sanscrit, scarcely changed in a single letter." But the Sanscrit was once the current language of India, and although it is now shut up in the libraries of the Brahmins and priests of the country, invested with mysterious sanctity, and used only for religious purposes, yet all the native Indian languages are mere dialects of the Sanscrit, from which they are immediately derived. The language spoken by the gipsies, therefore, clearly establishes the fact of their Indian origin, and as they made their appearance in Europe about the middle of the fifteenth century, it is probable that they were driven from India, when that country was invaded by Timur Beg or Tamerlane, Prince of the Usbeck Tartars. In India they are very numerous. Bishop Heber frequently met with their encampments when in India. He says that if we allow for differences of climate and country, they are precisely the same as the English gipsies. We see the brilliant dark eye, the olive-colored complexion, the same wandering and unsettled habits, the same disposition to pilfer and practise on the credulity of others, by pretending to foretell the events of futurity. They are "a race that no man can mistake, meet them where he will."

The existence of the gipsies as a separate people, through so many centuries, appears at first to be a somewhat singular phenomenon. They are a people unacquainted with the use of letters, with no bards to endear to them their primitive accents, or mountain barriers to keep their language and customs from being absorbed, and yet centuries have gone by without changing their characters and habits. But if we consider their Oriental origin, and the structure of Hindoo society, also that laws have been enacted against them to suppress their vagrancy,

their pilferings, and their impostures, that they have been chased from towns and cities, from the open common, the forest, and the field, we shall soon see that these are causes amply sufficient to have kept them a separate people. There is a charm connected with a wandering habit, which it is difficult to break. How few of the wandering savages of North America have ever been reclaimed to settled habits. And there will ever be the same difficulty with the gipsy race. Kindness and humanity will certainly do more to civilize them than legislative severity and police regulations. Persecution must necessarily keep them aloof from ourselves, and drive them more closely together.

Soon after the first appearance of the gipsies in England, an Act of Parliament was passed in 1530, to drive them from the country. The preamble is so curious a sample of the literature of the times, and is such an exact description of the gipsy character, that we give the following abstract:—

"Forasmuch as before this tyme dyvers and many outlandysh people calling themselves Egyptians, using no crafte nor faictes of marchandise, have comen into this realme, and gone from shire to shire and place to place, in great company, and used grete subtyll and crafty meanes to deceyve the people, beryng them in hand, that they by Palmestre could telle menne and women's fortunes, and so many times by crafte and subtiltie have deceyved the people of thei money," &c.

They are also charged with "many and haynous felonys and robberies." They were ordered to depart the kingdom within fifteen days, under penalties; and vessels were employed by the government in their deportation. From another Act, passed five years afterwards, by which a penalty of £40 was imposed on any one bringing an "Egyptian" into England, it is evident that captains of vessels found the money of the wanderers as productive as that of others.

But neither of these Acts nor those of subsequent reigns, could rid England of her gipsies. The great bulk of the people stood in awe of them, as possessing the mysterious power of prying into futurity. They were also, to a certain extent, useful by their mechanical ability in tinkering, and by carrying into the remote and only partially settled parts of the country many articles of traffic.

The English gipsies usually pass through the country in small bands, with their carts and asses. Driven into towns and cities by the inclemency of the weather in winter, they invariably spend the remainder of the year in the country, wandering from place to place, and

pitching their tents, like their forefathers under the burning sun of India. They generally encamp on some furze-clad common, in some narrow and unfrequented lane, or on the skirts of some forest, not far from a spring of water, and in the neighborhood of some public road. Their location is evidently chosen with reference to such conveniences as Nature spontaneously supplies, and the facilities for traffic. Here they erect their tents, which look more like dog kennels than human habitations, and exhibit all the well known peculiarities of the gipsy encampment; their asses crop the scanty herbage, and a kettle is seen suspended from the apex of a triangular pyramid formed by three sticks, over a fire.

At the encampment, the men employ their time in making house brooms from the heath (*Calluna vulgaris*) which covers the moors, and which, in England, supplies the place of the American corn broom. They also make baskets from the young shoots of the osier, a species of willow, which they generally find along the margin of the streams and rivulets in their neighborhood. When travelling, the men are occupied in knife grinding, tinkering, and repairing housekeeping articles. They usually operate before the doors of their employers, as they are not to be trusted out of sight.

It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that the female gipsy is a professed fortune-teller. Even to the present day the gipsies find their dupes, and the practice of consulting them is not confined to the poor and ignorant, but the rich and well educated are sometimes known to employ them. They profess palmistry, or to be able to discover from the character of the lines on the human hand, the future destiny of its possessor. This is well expressed in our engraving, which is a correct copy of a beautiful painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The youthful pair are evidently consulting a gipsy. The lover holding with anxious countenance the extended hand of his mistress, her coquettish attitude, as she is seated on his knee, and the slender and not unhandsome figure and countenance of the young gipsy girl, who is uttering her predictions, together with the beautiful scenery by which the group are surrounded, so admirably in keeping with the usual sun-bright prospects of lovers, present altogether a happy and picturesque ideal of such a transaction, not unworthy the genius of this celebrated painter.

Never purchase love or friends: when thus obtained, they are lost as soon as you stop payment.

CASTE.

BY CHARLES REECE PRIMERTON.

God! that some Spirit, stirr'd by Thee,
Would rise to set all nations free,
By bursting one dread chain;
Whose festering links chafe at Thy Will;—
They bid the Sun of Mind stand still,
Or make it shine in vain.

One Heart that panted to the deed,
The wide, grand grasp of Thought to feel,
With its celestial flames;
And fling the spreading blaze o'er all:
To scorch—to crack that cord of thrall,
Which mightiest daring tames.

* * * * *
Rise! rise great Genius! whenoosoe'er
Thou may'rt, arise!—this is my prayer—
Oft times in this, my brain
Throbs up to agony—disperse,—
Quell, crush for ever, crush this curse!
Did, did Christ live in vain?

* * * * *
Come, Genius of immortal birth,
And sweep this Monster from the earth!
Disease him with thy eye—
Thy glance shoot palsy through his herds,
Each germ burst with thy burning words,
And let his Spirit die!

The time will come: Truth's mighty aim—
As the damp torch, so slow to flame,—
When every shattered spark
Struggles to life—faints, glows, then spreads
Its bursting flash o'er hearts and heads,
Where all was cold and dark.

So Truth's great aim—though parting, slow
At first, while foul obstructions throw
Their barriers in the way,—
Shall gather swiftness as it flies,
Concentrated strength, and in all eyes
Flash its all gladdening ray.

Oh, could I do, of my vast will
One millioneth part,—what joy would thrill
My soul! though lone and lorn
I die:—ennobled by this shame,
I'd court as worthiest, holiest fame,
Contemporaneous scorn!

Wisdom does not show itself so much in precept as in life—in a firmness of mind and a mastery of appetite. It teaches us to do as well as to talk; and to make our words and actions all of a color.

Be slow to choose a friend, and slower to change him; courteous to all; scorn no man for his poverty; worship no man for his wealth.

THE UNCLE'S VISIT.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

"Won't you sing 'Sweet is the Vale,' with me?" said Ella Milner, a child of five years old, as she leaned on her mother's lap, and looked up earnestly into her face.

Mrs. Milner, with a smile, turned her eyes from her sewing to the bright, rosy face, peering forth from the midst of a profusion of light brown curls.

"Yes, Ella," she replied, "if you will bring me the book, for I have not yet learned all the words."

"O, please, mother, play the accompaniment—it sounds so much prettier;" and she playfully took hold of her mother's hand to lead her to the piano.

Mrs. Milner, yielding to the gentle impulse of the little hand that clasped hers, rose and seated herself at the instrument. It was a duet which Ella wished to sing, the music being admirably adapted to the pleasing simplicity of the words. Mrs. Milner had played the prelude, and little Ella having led off with the soprano, to which her high, clear voice was well suited, was about to commence the tenor, when footsteps were heard approaching the door.

"Your papa is coming now," said Mrs. Milner, "and we will sing the duet some other time;" and, as she spoke, she rose from the piano.

"I wish we could sing it now," said Ella, with a disappointed look. "I always feel glad as a bird, when you sing and play with me."

"An hour or two hence will do quite as well. Take your patchwork now, and sit down quietly on your cricket."

Mr. Milner had already entered the room. As he passed the piano, he smiled a little contemptuously, at sight of the duet, which his wife and daughter had commenced singing previously to his entrance. The smile did not escape Mrs. Milner's notice, and she understood its meaning. She knew that he had not, for some time past, tolerated any singing, except that of first rate performers; and sometimes, when at the request of a friend or neighbor, she sang and played, she was perfectly aware that it was with difficulty that he concealed his impatience. He had even hinted that it would be gratifying to him, if she and Ella would, at all times, abstain from singing; for he did not like to have such wretched stuff heard by the street-passengers. But Mrs. Milner was not of that timid, non-resistant disposition, which induces a renunciation of all personal indulgence, in order to gratify, what appeared to her, a sickly, overstrained delicacy. If she abstained from sing-

ing when he was present, and taught Ella to do so, except when it might appear rude to refuse a guest, she thought it was all he could reasonably require. She sometimes even suspected that his delicacy was more feigned than real; and that he possessed little true and earnest enthusiasm for the productions of the great musical composers of Germany, whose names were ever on his lips.

Without speaking, he crossed the apartment, and stopped in front of his wife's portrait, which hung by the side of his own.

"Are you aware, Louise," said he to his wife, after examining it a few moments, "what a wretched daub this is?"

"It may not be a first rate painting," she replied, "but every one who sees it, pronounces it an almost perfect likeness."

"That is nothing. As a work of art, it is below mediocrity. Mr. Lewis, the artist who painted mine, is in town, and I have spoken to him to paint yours. Will it be convenient for you to sit to him to-morrow?"

Being a little piqued at the disparaging terms in which he had spoken of her portrait, which, whatever might be its other faults, possessed the important requisite of strongly resembling the original, her first impulse was to decline having another taken; but experience had taught her that it was not always discreet to yield to first impulses, so she told him that she knew of nothing to prevent.

"Then we will have this one removed at once," said he. "I cannot consent to have it fill so conspicuous a place any longer."

"What do you propose to have done with it?" she asked.

"There are places enough, where it can be put away out of sight."

"If you will just assist me to take it down, I will have it removed in the course of the afternoon," said she.

"Please, mother, let me have it in my little room," said Ella, throwing aside her patchwork, and springing up, as soon as her father was gone. "There's a nice place to hang it, right at the foot of my bed; and as soon as I wake in the morning, I can look at the rosy cheeks and the curling hair, and those sweet May flowers you are holding in your hand. May I have it in my room, mother?"

Mrs. Milner had only time to give her assent, when the door-bell rang, and the next minute Mr. Wellworth, her husband's maternal uncle, was ushered into the room. He had for many years resided at the West, and owing to the great increase in the value of lands, which he purchased at an early period, had become

wealthy. Having no family of his own, he had furnished the funds necessary for his nephew's education, and, subsequently, rendered him efficient aid in establishing him in business. He was a middle-aged man, and of an uncommon cheerful temperament, which manifested itself in his general demeanor, as well as in a certain heartiness in the tones of his voice, and in the clear, sunny sparkle of his hazel eyes, whenever the slightest dawn of a smile hovered on his lips. He was, moreover, gentlemanly in his deportment, and possessed, in an eminent degree, the art of rendering himself pleasing to those whom the requirements of business, or social life, brought him in contact,—whether the inmates of the cottage or palace, without either compromising his dignity, or transgressing the rules of refinement.

Mrs. Milner was delighted to see him, and hastened to place for him an arm-chair, in comfortable proximity to the bright coal fire, which the keen, frosty mid-winter's day, rendered peculiarly grateful.

"If you had arrived two minutes sooner," said she, "you would have found my husband at home. He has now gone to his place of business, but I will send for him."

"By no means, Louise," replied Mr. Wellworth. "He will be here all in good time, and we shall find plenty to chat about, I dare say."

"I suspect there is not the least danger of a failure in that respect," said she, as she took her sewing and seated herself in the corner, opposite her uncle.

"And this is little Ella, I suppose," said he, reaching out his hand, and twining one of her soft, silky ringlets round his finger. "Let me see—it is four years and a half since I was here last. She was a 'wee bit thing' then—little too much addicted to singing the 'doleful tune,' to make her presence as delightful, as I've no doubt it will prove to be now."

"I know what he means by the doleful tune," she whispered to her mother, at the same time glancing slyly at Mr. Wellworth from beneath her long, curved eyelashes.

"Do you?" said he. "Well, I suppose you don't make a practice of singing it much now," do you?"

"No, sir," she replied, laughing; "I sing Auld Lang Sync, and Bonny Doon, and a good many others now."

"Then you must sing me some of them to-morrow."

As Mr. Wellworth had said, they found plenty to chat about, which made the time pass so pleasantly, that he and Louise were both surprised when the latter found that it was time to

order tea. During the few minutes that she was absent for that purpose, Mr. Wellworth amused himself by looking at the pictures that adorned the walls, several of which he had presented to Louise as a bridal gift. There was one among the number—the portrait of his niece—which he now missed. He had always valued it highly on account of its faithful resemblance to the original, and from its having been painted by the son of a valued friend, a young artist of much promise. There was also to him a sacredness attached to it, as it was, with the exception of a few slight sketches, the last production of the youthful aspirant's pencil, he having died suddenly in a little more than a week after its completion. Its absence would have appeared to him less singular had not his nephew's portrait filled its old place.

"Louise," said he, when she re-entered the parlor, "what has become of your portrait?"

"There it is," she replied, pointing to a remote corner of the room.

"And with its face to the wall! Why is it there?"

"Philip had it taken down to-day. He wishes me to have another painted to supply its place."

"And what is going to be done with this?"

She was prevented from answering by the entrance of her husband, between whom and his uncle there was a most cordial greeting. Each had much to communicate to the other, and, after lingering long at the tea-table, the theme of old and pleasant memories was still unexhausted. During a pause in the conversation, the vacant place on the wall again attracted Mr. Wellworth's attention.

"By the way, Philip," said he, "how came you to have your wife's portrait removed?"

"Because, as a work of art, it has so many, and such glaring defects, that it made me nervous to look at it."

"Then you should have avoided looking at it," said his uncle, with a smile.

"That was impossible. It always seemed to possess a mysterious fascination, which I could not resist, so that, ere I was aware of it, the unartistic arrangement of the drapery, and a lack of harmony in the coloring, would attract my attention."

"You should have suffered its wonderful resemblance to the original to counterbalance such minor defects."

"Any one who possesses the power of imitation can paint a face which will resemble the original; but if the rules of art be violated, it cannot be otherwise than offensive to one of a refined and cultivated taste. The vacant place on the wall will soon be filled. Louise is going

to sit to Mr. Lewis, the same distinguished artist that painted my portrait."

"Should I have forty portraits painted," said Louise, "I don't believe there would be one among them all I should like as well as the one doomed to banishment."

"Then all I have to say is, you had better at once commence the task of improving your taste. I should be extremely mortified to have you expose your ignorance in presence of those who are good judges of painting."

Mr. Wellworth could not help thinking that his nephew, since he last saw him, had been cultivating his delicacy of taste at the expense of delicacy of feeling; while, at the same time, in order to prevent anything which might resemble an altercation between the husband and wife, he adroitly turned the subject by asking Louise if she would sing and play one of those old songs he used to like so well.

"Now, uncle," quickly interposed Philip, "I beg you won't ask Louise to sing. She has no style, and as for her playing, she can only torture the piano."

"She has a clear, sweet voice, if she has no style, and as for the piano, I suspect that will not complain if I don't."

"You would not speak thus, uncle, if you had had opportunity to hear the celebrated pianists and the finished vocalists whom I have had the good fortune to listen to for the last few years."

"I have listened to some of them, and with great pleasure, I assure you; but I pray that I may never again have the opportunity," said Mr. Wellworth, speaking rather warmly, "if it will prevent me from listening with pleasure to those sweet and simple melodies which cheer the fireside of the poor and the lowly as well as that of the rich. I must warn you, Philip, against that carping spirit and false delicacy which makes us, in our eagerness to note defects in what was intended to please the eye or ear, to suffer what is really beautiful to pass unnoticed. At the rate you are going on now, you will soon be in a situation to class with those whom a celebrated English essayist has termed the valetudinarians of society. Those enjoyments suited to a healthy state of mind will be rejected as lacking in refinement. Beware of mistaking squeamishness for true delicacy. I once knew a gentleman, who, having come to the conclusion to make proposals of marriage to a most lovely, amiable, and interesting young lady, who was, moreover, heiress to quite a handsome fortune, abandoned his intention because, after a long ride one frosty October morning, she ate with apparent relish

of the substantial viands provided for breakfast. He had got it into his head that a lady of true refinement should never partake of anything more gross than jellies, oranges, or, at best, a little sponge-cake. This same over-refined gentleman is now a confirmed inebriate. For my own part, I have always found it best to cultivate a disposition to be pleased—to set things in their best light. Now I shouldn't wonder if you had violated this rule with regard to the portrait, now under sentence of banishment, literally as well as metaphorically. Perhaps if it were placed in a better light, the want of harmony in the coloring, which you complain of, might be less conspicuous. It occurred to me, while examining yours, this afternoon, that you might have selected a place for it where it would be seen to better advantage. To-morrow, when we can again have the benefit of daylight, we will see. But what made you discover so many faults in your wife's portrait all at once? The last time before this that I was here, you seemed to be quite well satisfied with it."

"I had seen but few good pictures then," he replied.

"And you had not then had the benefit of M. Dupont's judgment and skill relative to the fine arts?" said Louise, in a tone which showed she doubted their infallibility.

"Who is M. Dupont?" inquired Mr. Wellworth.

"A gentleman of highly cultivated taste," replied Philip, "who has honored me with his friendship for the last twelve months."

"It is M. Dupont who has done all the mischief, then!" said Mr. Wellworth, as he placed the portrait of Louisa in a conspicuous situation. "I have a mind to try if my critical acumen will enable me to hunt up some of the faults which he discovered."

He examined it for some time in silence.

"I was almost afraid," he then said, "that the opportunities I have enjoyed for a few years past, when on my visits to some of our principal cities, of having access to collections of fine paintings, by imperceptibly improving my taste, might lead me to detect faults which, previously, I had been unable to discover. I say that I was afraid of this, for I have taken as much pleasure in believing that poor Harry Linton, had he lived, would have been one of our first artists, that I wished to continue in my belief, and I am glad to find that, to me, it appears as beautiful as ever."

At this moment, Mr. Lewis, the celebrated artist, to whom Louise was to sit for her portrait on the morrow, was announced.

"Put that out of sight, Louise," said her

husband, indicating the portrait, as he stepped forward to welcome Mr. Lewis.

The first thing that caught the artist's eye, at his entrance, was the portrait, for Mr. Wellworth had prevented his niece from removing it. He stepped towards it the moment the usual salutations had been interchanged—

"What a charming picture;" said he, "Ah I see now, that it is your portrait, Mrs. Milner. Whoever painted it possesses genius of the first order. There are very few who have the power of throwing so much mind into a countenance as there is in that. The drawing, too, is admirable. It is very plain that the artist had a ready and skilful hand."

Louise, who had begun to have some faith in the validity of her husband's judgment and taste, gave Mr. Lewis a keen glance, to see if he were not bestowing ironical praise; but the genuine enthusiasm which beamed from his eyes and pervaded every feature, made her certain that he was in earnest.

"And it is equally plain," said Mr. Wellworth, while at the same time he warmly grasped the hand of Mr. Lewis, "that you, at least, are exempt from the envy with which it is said brother artists are wont to regard each other, for which you have my esteem and hearty good will."

"I shall always be proud to merit both," said Mr. Lewis, "and hope that you will never find cause to withdraw them." He then, turning to Mrs. Milner, inquired of her who painted her portrait.

"Harry Linton," she replied.

"Harry Linton? I knew him well. He has been dead a long time. He was a young artist of much promise."

"My portrait," said Mrs. Milner, "was the last picture he ever painted. I believe, however, that he made a few sketches afterwards."

"He made three," said Mr. Wellworth; "I have two of them. The other I was not so fortunate to obtain."

"Though, as I hope," said Mrs. Lewis, "it fell into the possession of one who is able to appreciate it."

"You have it, I suspect," said Mr. Wellworth.

"I have; and a fine sketch it is, too. The subject was such as to give his luxuriant and delicate fancy free scope."

Philip Milner, who had hitherto remained silent on the subject, now inquired of Mr. Lewis if he thought the coloring good.

"Now, that I look for them, I cannot say that it has no faults," he replied, "but there is such a charming freshness about the whole picture—so much life, and so much buoyancy, that I

should have forgotten to observe them. Do you mind those flowers? They must have been gathered when 'morn was in her prime,' for the dew is on them yet."

"I am glad you like it," said Louise.

"I cannot help liking it," was his reply; "and I now give you fair warning, that if you sit to me for your portrait, not to expect me to equal it, in some respects, though at the same time the experience obtained by long practice, may enable me to shun a few faults which are discernible on a careful inspection."

"I find that your opinion is very different from M. Dupont's, a gentleman who, for the last two years has been a resident of this city," said Mr. Milner.

"I am happy to hear you say so. Dupont is one of those who, by storing their memory with the technical phrases of an art, are able to talk fluently of what in reality they know little or nothing about. With all his pretensions, he is incapable of judging whether a picture is painted well or ill."

"I will frankly confess," said Mr. Milner, "that I have believed him to be a first rate judge, not only of painting, but music. The confident manner with which he expressed his opinion, completely imposed upon me, so that at last my belief in his infallibility was such, that one of those slight but expressive shrugs, inimitable, except to one of his own countrymen, was enough to set the seal of condemnation on what I had previously regarded as a beautiful picture, or a fine piece of music."

"We all have our weaknesses," said Mr. Wellworth; "pinning your faith on M. Dupont's sleeve was yours."

Mr. Milner found that he had made such a mistake as regarded the portrait, that when his uncle, a second time, proposed some music, he did not venture to offer any objections; for after all, the condemnatory sentence which, on a certain occasion, M. Dupont passed on the playing and singing of Louise, (not knowing that his friend Milner was within hearing,) might have been erroneous.

Mr. Wellworth happened to open to "The Last Rose of Summer," harmonized for three voices, by Meader. He himself had an excellent bass voice, and Mr. Lewis made no objection to trying the tenor, while Louise, who sung the soprano, accompanied their voices with the piano.

Several other pieces were sung, and Mr. Lewis said that he had not enjoyed any music so well for a twelvemonth. Even Mr. Milner confessed that he had seldom passed a pleasanter evening.

Mr. Wellworth spent several weeks with

them, during which time the old custom of cheering the evenings with music was permanently revived, not again to be relinquished. Little Ella, who was permitted to sit till eight o'clock, to her father's surprise, could sing quite correctly. He did not even disdain—simple as were the words and melody—to listen to her favorite evening hymn which she was in the habit of singing the last thing before retiring to rest.

Mrs. Milner sat to Mr. Lewis for her portrait, and a capital likeness it proved to be, though the artist would not admit that it was equal, in some respects, to the one painted by Harry Linton, which, he said, would be a desecration to banish from its original place on the wall.

HAYDON, THE PAINTER.

The following extracts will give the reader some idea of the struggles of a noble, mighty genius, to accomplish the work which burdens his spirit amid the tides of persecution and intense suffering, never faltering, even under the pressure of pecuniary difficulties, and the cold averted looks and tones of friends:

"There is no doubt all men who devote their lives from boyhood to a great cause have the impression of being called or led by the Deity. Does this impression come from the mere physical exercise of the brain in one direction, so that the imagination is excited, or does perpetual solitude engender the notion that what is merely imagined is actual? This is the physical explanation, and is always more gratifying to the world than the supposition that any being is so favored by God as to be selected. * *

"The men who do great things *universally* have the impression they are so impelled. For instance, Columbus believed he heard a voice in the storm, encouraging him to persevere. Socrates believed in his attendant spirit. I myself, have believed in such impressions all my life. I believe I have been so acted on from seventeen to fifty-five, for the purpose of reforming and refining my great country in art. I believe that my sufferings were meant, first, to correct me, and then, by rousing attention, to interest my nation. I know that I am a corrected and a better man, and I know there exists a sympathy for me, and, by reflection, for my style and object, which, without such causes, would not have operated so soon. * * Who cheered me when all the world seemed adverse to me? God, my great, my benevolent, my blessed Creator, by the influence—and the influence only, of His holy, holy, holy, Spirit!

"Perhaps this is insanity, as well as with Columbus, Milton and others. Perhaps we are all 'drunk with new wine.' No, no, we are all more alive to the supernatural and spiritual than the rest of our fellow-creatures. Where could I see the prototype of the head of Lazarus?" I had never seen a man raised from the dead. Who was my instructor, my inspirer? God, my blessed Creator.

"How often in prison, in want, in distress, in blindness, have I knelt in agony before Him, my forehead touching the ground, and prayed for His mercy. How often have I arisen with "Go on" so loud in my brain as to make me start. How often have I in despair opened the Scriptures, and seen as if in letters of fire, "Fear not, I am with thee." And have I ever had occasion but once to find the result did not answer the promises? And that result *will yet* be accomplished."

After, in his diary, enumerating some of the many difficulties staring him in the face, he thus concludes:

"Yet I am not unhappy, I never lose the mysterious whisper, "Go on," and I feel that in spite of calamity and present appearances, if I am virtuous and good I shall carry my great object.

"Washington Irving says: 'Columbus imagined the voice of the Deity spoke to him to comfort him for his troubles at Hispaniola. No, he did not imagine it; he did hear it, and it did speak. Irving calls him a visionary. Oh no, Irving has no such object—he has no such communications.'

"The man who has a fixed purpose in life, to which he devotes his powers, is invulnerable. Like the rock in the sea, it splits the troubles of life, and they eddy round him in idle foam.

"Our hearts sink invariably on their own resources, and yearn for something higher, some immortal virtue unattainable on earth, some angelic sympathies—the calmness of a brighter region and the approbation of a God!"

* Referring to his picture of Christ raising Lazarus from the dead.

Much as we admire the pictorial art, we do not like pictures of the death of our Lord.—There was a painter in ancient Greece, who sought to represent the grief of Agamemnon at the death of his daughter, Iphigenia. How did he represent it? He gained the praises of all antiquity, and all time, by not doing it at all. He drew a curtain over the face of the agonised parent. Thus let us, in imitation of the universe, draw a curtain over the solemn and unfathomable scene.



DEMOSTHENES.

This celebrated Grecian orator was born at Athens, about 384 years before Christ, when that city had reached the zenith of her literary fame. When only seven years of age, the parents of Demosthenes died, and the property bequeathed to him was confided to the care of guardians who were also appointed trustees. Instead, however, of improving it, they embezzled the greater part of it, thus basely abusing the confidence that had been reposed in them.

Having on one occasion heard a masterly and much admired speech from Callistratus, Demosthenes was fired by that orator's success with ambition to become an orator himself. He had also another stimulus to exertion, in the wrong which his guardians had inflicted on him, and in a determination to prosecute them for a breach of trust. He therefore resorted to Isocrates for instruction in the rhetorical art; and soon afterwards turned his acquired talents to account by accusing his guardians of dishonesty,

and successfully advocating his own cause, and recovering nearly the whole of his property from them. His success emboldened him to come forward as a speaker in the assemblies of the people. His voice was weak, his enunciation indistinct, and his style was decided to be strained, harsh, and involved; his reception was therefore extremely discouraging. But an aged man, who had heard Pericles, cheered him with the assurance that he reminded him of that unequalled orator, and the actor Satyrus pointed out the faults of his delivery, and instructed him how to amend them.

Demosthenes now resolved to overcome those physical defects under which he labored, and to improve not only in the matter of his orations, but also in his manner of delivering them. The plans which he adopted are too remarkable to be omitted, although it must be acknowledged that the evidence rests on rather doubtful authority. He is said to have built himself a room under ground, in order to practice gesture and delivery without molestation. In this room he would stay two or three months at a time, shaving his head so as to render it impossible for him to go out, if his resolution failed him. The defect in his utterance he cured by articulating with small pebbles in his mouth. His voice he strengthened by declaiming to the waves on the sea-shore, and his lungs by running up the hills in the neighborhood of Athens, and reciting verses at the same time. Meanwhile, his pen was continually employed in rhetorical exercises. Thucydides is said to have been his favorite model, insomuch that he copied out his history eight times, and had it almost by heart. His perseverance, energy and industry were crowned with success. He became confessedly the greatest orator of his age, and succeeded in winning the esteem of his countrymen and the admiration of posterity.

Demosthenes, like Pericles, never willingly appeared before his audience without the ripest fruits of his private studies, although he was quite capable of speaking, on the impulse of the moment, in a manner worthy of his reputation. His most celebrated speeches are those entitled *philippics*, in which he endeavors to arouse the Athenians against Philip, King of Macedon, and to protect the liberties of his country against the designs of that ambitious monarch. These speeches are so full of fire and energy, that the word has been naturalized in Latin and most modern European languages as a concise term, signifying indignant invective. For fourteen years, Demosthenes opposed Philip with the whole force of his genius and eloquence; but, despite his opposition, Philip con-

tinued to conquer, and finally defeated the combined forces of the Athenians and Thebans, at the battle of Cheronæa, and became master of Greece. Demosthenes served in this engagement, and was the first to fly from the field. This cowardly behaviour for awhile clouded his character with disgrace. His fault was, however, soon effaced from the minds of his countrymen; his talents as an orator only were remembered, and he was employed to pronounce the funeral oration over those who had fallen in the battle.

Soon after the battle of Cheronæa, news arrived at Athens that Philip was murdered. Demosthenes, on this occasion, is said to have given way to the most extravagant manifestations of joy. His daughter had only lately died; nevertheless, he put off his mourning, and appeared in public, crowned with flowers and other tokens of festivity. He has been much censured for this conduct, but it only proves how much he was devoted to the service of his country—even to the exclusion, in a great degree, of his private affections.

Thinking lightly of the young successor to the Macedonian crown, Alexander, he busied himself in again creating opposition to the Macedonian yoke, and succeeded in urging Thebes into a revolt, which only ended in the entire destruction of the city. This unexampled severity on the part of the future conqueror of Persia struck terror into Athens, and effectually put down all further opposition. From this time, we hear no more concerning Demosthenes until the death of Alexander.

About this time, however, one Ctesiphon brought before the people a decree for presenting Demosthenes with a crown in testimony of the value of his services. Eschines opposed this motion, and pronounced his great oration "Against Ctesiphon." Demosthenes defended him in the still more celebrated speech "On the Crown." Eschines lost the cause, not having the votes of a fifth part of his judges, and became liable, according to the laws of Athens, to fine and banishment. He withdrew to Rhodes, where he established a school of oratory. On one occasion, to gratify his pupils, he recited first his own and then the speech of his adversary. Great admiration of the latter having been expressed, "What, then," said he, "if you had heard the wild beast himself?" bearing testimony in these words to the terrible energy and fire of delivery which were so characteristic of Demosthenes.

After the death of Alexander, Demosthenes again headed a rebellion against Antipater, the Macedonian viceroy, and lost his life in his

efforts to liberate his country. The Macedonian party soon regained their ascendancy, and Demosthenes sought sanctuary in a temple sacred to Neptune. He was pursued to his place of refuge, and finding that his adversaries would not respect the sanctity of the place, he immediately took poison, which he always carried about with him, as a last resource, thus destroying his own life to protect himself from the Macedonians, whose malignity and revengeful feelings he had incited to the highest degree by his persevering hostility.

THE SPIDER.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

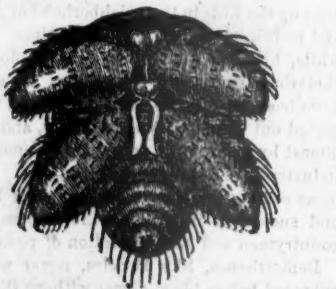
The repulsive appearance and unamiable character of this insect have created against it many unworthy prejudices, which a more careful observation of its habits would entirely remove. Its frequent occurrence presents us with ample opportunities for investigation. Whatever may be said about the ugliness of the spider, the stealthy cunning by which it entraps its unwary victims, its ferocity and cruelty, there is no denying that it possesses redeeming features. This insect is remarkable for patience, industry, and ingenuity. These virtues are daily exemplified in the common house spider. Incapable of actively pursuing its prey, it is wholly dependent on what chance conducts within its toils. It therefore patiently awaits in its hiding-place the approach of its victims, never stirring until its prey appears, unless it be to repair any injury which the net may have received, which it invariably does without loss of time. These facts are too well known to be disputed. You may brush down the spider's web, and declare it a nuisance, but you cannot deny the ingenuity with which it is constructed, or the unwearied patience and exemplary industry of its occupant.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE SPIDER.—The arachnida, or spiders, differ from insects generally, in having no antennae or feelers. Their legs, which are always eight in number, instead of six, as in insects, being jointed upon and radiating from a common breast-plate, (sternum.) Their skin, or crust, which is more leathery than horns, gives support to the soft parts and attachment to the muscles. The eyes of spiders are usually eight in number, and are called ocelli. Instead of being placed on the sides of the head, they are situated on the anterior part of the back. As each eye consists of a single lens, and is immovable, objects can only be perceived when placed directly before it. The eight

eyes of the spider are, however, disposed in such a manner as to make ample amends for their deficiency in motion. All the essential parts of a simple eye, the cornea, the crystalline, the vitreous body, and even the choroid, are found in them. The choroid presents itself in the form of a black ring around the crystalline. Spiders do not undergo any metamorphoses or change of form. They all envelop their eggs in a silken cocoon.

THE INSTRUMENTS WITH WHICH THE SPIDER SPINS ITS WEB.—These are usually little beat-like protuberances, called spinnerets, four or five in number, which are situated at the posterior extremity of the abdomen. The thread proceeds from a reservoir of glutinous fluid secreted by the glands in the interior of the insect's body. The extremity of each spinneret, when highly magnified, is found to be perforated by innumerable orifices of extreme minuteness, through which the glutinous fluid is drawn into threads of extreme tenuity. It is computed that there are about one thousand apertures in each test; and, as there are five tests, the spider's thread, small as it appears to our senses, consist of five thousand separate threads, fabricated by the delicate machinery of its spinnerets, and coiled together at a little distance from them. The

FIGURE I.



The Spinnerets of a Spider Magnified.

thread of the spider therefore possesses great strength in proportion to its diameter. The glutinous fluid out of which it is fabricated speedily hardens on being exposed to the air.

The machinery of its spinnerets appears to be under the control of the spider, which has the power of contracting or enlarging the apertures at will. In dropping from a height, the spider suspends itself by its thread, and descends by the weight of its body, and its power of suddenly contracting or enlarging the apertures from which the thread proceeds, enables it to descend rapidly or slowly, or to arrest itself suddenly at any point of its descent.

The feet of the spider are furnished with three pectinated claws, resembling hooked combs, through the teeth of which the thread proceeding from its spinnerets is drawn. The third claw, which is much smaller than the other two, and placed between them, is used by the insect in ascending, for the purpose of winding up the superfluous thread into a ball.

FIGURE II.



Garden Spider (*Epeira diadema*) suspended by a thread proceeding from its Spinnerets.

THE MANNER IN WHICH THE SPIDER FORMS ITS WEB.—Some spiders spin no web, but take their prey by running; others by approaching quietly, until they are within a certain distance, and then suddenly springing upon it. These are called hunting spiders. The silken thread of these insects is used only when they form the cocoon in which they enclose their eggs. The mining spider (*Mygale fodiens*) employs its thread to fabricate a silken tube, with which it lines its habitation under ground. Most spiders, however, usually form nets or webs, in which are entangled the insects on which they feed. Those which we see in the house are of a woven texture, similar to fine gauze, and are very properly denominated webs; those which we see in the garden are composed of a series of circles, united by radii proceeding from the centre to the circumference, the threads being more removed from each other, and more like a net in appearance. The process by which the spider constructs its web may be observed at any time, on account of its frequent occurrence. We are apt to neglect what we see every day of our lives, otherwise we should never behold a spider's web without admiration. We know that the house spider has the power of manufacturing

threads—of weaving those threads into what is evidently a game net; that it suspends its nets with the nicest judgment in places most abounding with the wished-for prey, and then, as if conscious of its own ugliness, conceals itself in a tapestried chamber, so as not to affright its victims from its toils; but the very minuteness of these insects causes us to overlook many of their little actions, which are exceedingly interesting.

Let us now trace the proceedings of the common house spider in the construction of her game-net, and the capture of her victims. The site of her future labors, as we have intimated, is always chosen with the nicest judgment. She appears to be guided in her choice by the facilities which it affords for the construction of her toils, and the greater abundance of prey in its neighborhood. Having chosen the spot, which is most commonly some recess in the corner of a room, she commences operations. She first presses her abdomen against the wall, so as to agglutinate her thread to its surface. She then walks across the wall to the opposite side, the resistance of the thread at its point of attachment drawing it, at the same time, through her spinnerets. The thread is thus manufactured as it is required. Having arrived at the opposite side of the wall, the thread is drawn tight. This thread forms the outer margin or selvage of the web, and a support for all the other threads. It is, therefore, strengthened by being crossed with threads three or four times. From this margin, threads are spun in various directions, and the interstices filled up until the whole fabric assumes the appearance of fine gauze. But the net is still incomplete. It is necessary that the spider should conceal her grim visage from the expected game. She, therefore, as we have already intimated, constructs for herself a silken chamber in a remote corner of the web, in which she lies concealed. This silken chamber is made in the form of a sack, with a mouth just small enough to admit the insect, its interior being more capacious and sufficiently enlarged to enable her to turn round in every direction with facility. In order that she may be able to conceal herself more effectually, and be under no necessity of watching at the mouth of her ambuscade, she establishes a connection with it and every part of her game-net, by means of threads, which telegraph the presence of booty by the vibrations which they communicate to her body, and serve as a bridge on which she rapidly glides to secure the prey.

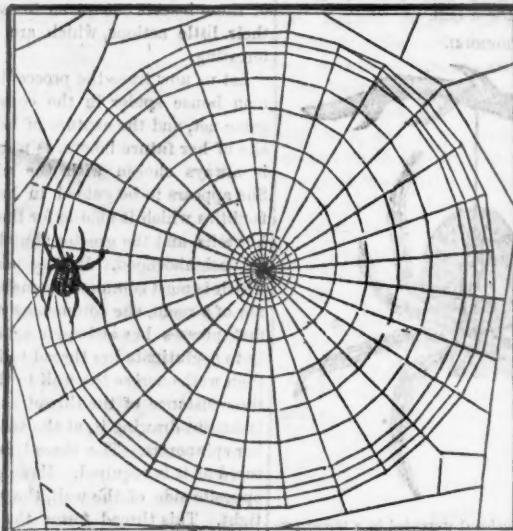
Thus are formed the snares or toils of the common house spider. The spiders which form

webs are called tapestry weavers; those which spin nets, geometricians. The propriety of the latter term will be more apparent if we examine the net of the

GARDEN SPIDER (*Epeira diadema*).—These

nets are usually fixed in a perpendicular or oblique position, in an opening between the leaves of some shrub or plant, and are very common in gardens and fields, especially in the autumnal months. Figure 3 is a representation of the

FIGURE III.



geometric net of the *Epeira diadema*, which our readers will, no doubt, remember seeing. The construction of the marginal line or selvage of her net is the spider's first care, which is necessarily very irregular in outline, as shown by the figure, because it must be affixed to such leaves or twigs as are most suitable as points of attachment. The outline is strengthened by being crossed five or six times, and it appears to be securely fastened to the objects to which it is affixed by a numerous and intricate apparatus of smaller threads. The spider next stretches across the web threads which radiate from the centre, like the spokes of a wheel. Her mode of doing this is not well understood, as she generally works at night time. During the preliminary operations, she continually rests, as though her work required thought; but, as soon as two or three radii have been spun, her motions become so rapid that the eye can scarcely follow them. The circles are next formed, and, when finished, the insect passes from the margin to the central portion of her net, where she awaits her prey.

As soon as a fly or other insect is entangled in the toils of the house spider, she immediately issues from her ambuscade, darts down

upon her prey, and rapidly ties its legs and wings with threads, so as to prevent its struggles. She then inserts her poisonous mandibles into the body of her victim, and, if it is easily carried off, hurries off with it to her place of concealment; but if the insect be too heavy, she sucks its juices in the place where it was captured, throws out the carcase, and then retires and waits for another haul. Sometimes, the captivated insect is so large that it is able for some time to ward off the fatal stroke, and as a prolonged struggle would be very injurious to the spider on account of the softness of her body, she contents herself at first with simply securing her prisoner with additional threads, so as to preclude all possibility of escape, and then speedily retires from the contest until the insect has become enfeebled by its ineffectual struggles. She then returns and soon finishes her victim, and her dinner, also, if she has had to wait for it any length of time, which is not unfrequently the case, sometimes owing to the great scarcity of game, or of the accidents to which her ingeniously constructed toils have been subjected. It may be that the insect entrapped within her toils, as, for instance, a bee or a wasp, is more than a match for the spider

herself. When this is the case, she neither attempts to seize it nor to secure it, but, on the contrary, assists its efforts to escape, and will even break off that part of the net in which it has become entangled, content to be rid of such an unmanageable intruder at any price.

When larger insects are very plentiful, the garden spider will reject such as are smaller. "I have observed them," says Mr. Kirby, "in autumn, when their nets were almost covered with the aphides which filled the air, impatiently pulling them off and dropping them over the sides of their net, as though irritated that its meshes should be occupied with such insignificant game."

One species of spider, described by Dr. Lister, the *Epeira conica*, seems to be more provident than the rest, suspending its prey in a little receptacle which it always constructs under the net, and it is not an unusual thing to see its larder thus stocked with several flies.

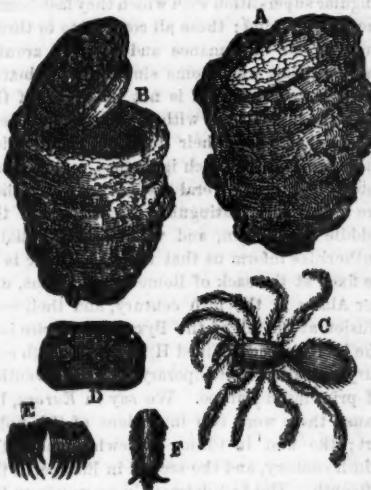
The different species of *Epeira* must be regarded as an exception to the general ugliness of spiders, for they are remarkable not only for the geometrical accuracy and regularity of their nets, but, also, for the richness, variety and beauty of their colors. Some of the exotic *Epeira* construct nets of extraordinary strength, so that humming birds are frequently caught by them, and even man himself, when he happens to come in the way of a great many together, is very seriously annoyed.

Much more might be said about the organization and habits of this very interesting class of insects. We close, however, with one more example of their architectural ingenuity.

THE MASON SPIDER (*Mygale clementaria*).—This insect abounds in the south of France, and constructs her habitation under the ground. She usually selects a spot free from grass, sloping in such a manner as to carry off the water, the soil of which is firm and free from rocks and small stones. She then digs a gallery about two feet in depth, and of a diameter sufficient to admit of her easily passing. She lines this with a tapestry of silk, glued to the walls, and closes the entrance with a door which is constructed in the following manner. It is made of several layers of earth, which the spider kneads and binds together with her threads. Its figure is circular, and it is so constructed that it exactly fits the mouth of the gallery. Externally, this door is flat and rough, corresponding in appearance to the earth around the entrance, for the purpose, no doubt, of concealment. Internally, it is convex, and tapestried with a web of fine silk, the threads of which are firmly attached on one side, forming an ex-

cellent hinge. The door, when pushed open by the spider, turns on the edge which has been thus secured, and shuts again by its own weight. When the spider is at home, and her door forcibly opened by an intruder, she pulls at it strongly from the inside, so as to close it again, and when foiled in her endeavors, she retreats to the bottom of her gallery as a last resource.

FIGURE IV.



Nest of the Mason Spider.

A, the nest shut; B, the open nest; C, the spider; D, the eyes of the spider magnified; E and F, parts of the foot and claw magnified.

Industry is essentially social. No man can improve either himself or his neighbor without neighborly help, and to better the world is to set the world to work together. Every useful invention has been carried out and perfected by the co-operation of many minds, or by the successive applications of varied genius to the same object, age after age. The mechanic must aid the philosopher, or he must stand still in his demonstrations; and the philosopher must aid the mechanic, or he will work without wisdom. The astronomer needs the telescope, and the chemist his material and apparatus. The sciences hang on the arts, and the arts on sciences. But without the philosophy from heaven, neither art nor science would look off the earth, and industry would die a natural death and live no more; for religion alone is the living spirit of human sociality.

There is no malady more severe than not to be content with one's lot.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED MISCELLANY.

THE MIDDLE AGES.

The middle, or "dark ages," as they are sometimes called, constitute a period which has excited no little curiosity in the minds of readers and thinkers generally; their feats of arms, in tournaments and on the battle-field; their total abandonment of the domestic joys of life to excitements of a hardy and nomadic nature, the singular superstition with which they fast-bound the human mind; these all contribute to throw such an air of romance and mystery around this era, that we become singularly fascinated by its history. But it is not the object of the present article to deal with the romance of these ages, but to define their duration, about which there seems to be much ignorance, and to bring into bolder relief several matters for which they are principally distinguished. When did the middle ages begin, and when end? Reliable authorities inform us that their beginning is to be fixed at the sack of Rome by the Goths, under Alaric, in the fifth century, and their conclusion at the fall of the Byzantine empire into the hands of Mohammed II, in the fifteenth century—an event contemporary with the invention of printing in Europe. We say in Europe, because there were two inventions of this noble art; the first in China, somewhere near the ninth century, and the second in Europe, in the fifteenth. The first detracts in no way from the glory of the last, as the exclusiveness of the Chinese prevented the knowledge of its existence being disseminated beyond their own Empire—thus making one long night of a thousand years.

The mediæval ages are noted for their feudal system, the crusades, and their gross ignorance, mental and spiritual.

The division of the Roman empire, into many and distant provinces, was an event which hurried its destruction. Its defensive and aggressive resources were scattered, and so weakened. This unwise policy of the Roman government invited the incursions of neighboring and hostile barbarians, who were not tardy in making the best of the opportunity. Soon all Europe was overrun by hordes of Goths and Vandals—city after city was taken and sacked by them—till, at length, Rome fell with all her boasted invincibility,—her past was alone glorious, while her future was to be infamous. Having gained possession of the great centre of power, the barbarians pushed their conquests till they became possessed of Europe, where many of them finally settled. Accustomed to a wild and barbarous mode of living, totally devoid of mental acquire-

ments, and without those tastes which lead to the cultivation of habits of a peaceful character, they were only fitted for warfare. This state of things induced each lord or baron to make his house a castle, as inaccessible as possible, and to regard war as the business and pleasure of life. So haughty did these lordly barons become in these strongholds, that even kings were set at defiance by them. Each lord had dependants, sometimes a large number, who were ready at a moment's notice to bear arms in his service; and a signal from the castle was sufficient to gather around, and within its enclosures a host of well-equipped and hardy men, ready for any enterprise, whether of rapine or murder. Conflicts between the dependants of different nobles were, of course, not unfrequent, and often protracted in their duration, as well as serious in their consequences. Witness the feud between the houses of York and Lancaster. These disputes were termed *feuds*; and, hence the whole of this period, running through a thousand years, obtained the name of the *feudal times*.

To such fierce and superstitious minds as existed in feudal days, the occasions presented at home for their gratification were insufficient in number and in greatness. It was this vacuum which the Roman See sought to fill, in the encouragement of the crusaders. The idea was originated by an obscure, but eloquent monk, who ignited a fire, whose flames rapidly spread and devoured everything which opposed itself. All ranks and conditions were in arms, awaiting to be enrolled as crusaders—called crusaders, from the Latin word *cruz*, a cross, as they wore that holy emblem on the right shoulder—to the Holy Land, for the rescue of our Lord's sepulchre from the possession of the Saracens. The crusades, seven in number, and extending through several centuries, commencing in the eleventh, met with more discomfits than successes, and finally degenerated into one gigantic system of lawlessness. They became the teeming source of romantic adventures, which have afforded many themes for the pen of the novelist and poet. In no age of the world's modern history may we so well see the effects of ignorance and superstition, where both so effectively worked upon the fears and hopes of men by their dire machinations. Devoid of incentives to thought, the mind of the middle ages was left to the sport of constant excitement, and none was so potent as that produced by superstition and war.

The condition of things we have briefly related supposes the existence of great ignorance concerning intellectual and religious matters. No such state of prolonged strife and debauchery

as that exhibited by the middle ages could be tolerated, except the people had wholly deserted that which was refined, pure, and intellectual. When man omits the cultivation of his mind and heart, he becomes vindictive and cruel, the toy of every wile which the devil and his ministers may devise. The darkness of the period was one that, in the strong language of Holy Scripture, "might be felt." It alike enshrouded kings, nobles, and peasants. Few could read, and fewer write. In fact, these modern necessities were then looked upon as accomplishments unworthy the attention of men educated for war, and were deemed fit only for the inhabitants of monasteries, where even the little light that penetrated served but to make the general obscurity more palpable. Ecclesiasties were oftener found encased in armor than in Cossacks, oftener enjoying themselves in the gross pleasures of the day in preference to saying their prayers, and indulging in the vilest crimes, instead of exercising their influence for the suppression of wickedness. The monasteries and convents became sinks of iniquity, while piety was scarcely known, although religious ceremonial and pomp received due attention. Yet, amid all this ignorance and impiety, there lived some few learned and good men, who were, like stars on a dull night, seen at long intervals, and few. Their light was insufficient to clear up the surrounding gloom—it required the day to dawn, when the shades of ignorance and superstition should be scattered before its brightness. Such a day dawned at last in the glorious Reformation, an event for which we cannot be too thankful. Conceive of *our* being in such a pitiable plight! Is the thought not startling—appalling? Yes, too much gratitude cannot be awarded to those who, in defiance of powerful opposition, nobly risked their fortunes, joys, lives, their all, that this soul-destroying plague of moral darkness might be removed. And they accomplished a stupendous work. One, whose fruits we enjoy—one, the authors of which should always be remembered with a blessing—one, whose magnitude should be reckoned in the tears, in the days and nights of anxious thought and labor, in the heartaches, which it cost.

THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES.

[We take from "Familiar Sketches of Sculpture and Sculptors," by the author of "Three Experiments in Living," the following history of the famous Colossus of Rhodes:]

The famous Colossus of Rhodes is attributed to Chares of Lindus. Rhodes was an island in the Grecian Archipelago, lying between Crete

and Candia. It was bright and beautiful, as its name implies, interpreted, as it is by some, *the Isle of Roses*; others derive the name from the rushing of waters. In ancient times it was sacred to the Sun, and could boast of its noble works of art, as well as its serene sky, its healthy climate, its fertile soil and fine fruits. This rich and powerful republic played an important part in ancient history.

Demetrius, as remarkable for the vices as for the virtues of his character, besieged the city of Rhodes because the Rhodians remained faithful to the alliance they had formed with Ptolemy Soter. The Rhodians were so ably assisted by Ptolemy, that the besiegers were compelled to abandon their enterprise.

The Rhodians were filled with gratitude to their tutelary deity, and, feeling that an event so important ought not to pass without suitable notice and an adequate memorial to their allies, summoned a council to decide in what manner they might best express their divine adoration to the god of the Sun, and thankfulness to their noble friends for their timely succor.

Egetus, an ancient mariner, whose snowy locks fell over his shoulders, was chosen to address the multitude. The Grecians honored age, and listened with reverence to the words which fell from the lips of experience.

"My friends and children," said he, "my voice is feeble, but my heart is strong. Thrice have I been shipwrecked, yet I stand before you still enjoying the air of my native land. The waves of the Archipelago have flowed over me, and I have been raised from the depths of the mighty waters—for what? to offer my incense to the god of the sea and land. It is my proposal that we build a statue to Apollo. Let it be a colossal one, let it encompass sea and land, let its foundation be the eternal rocks, let its head be surrounded by the halo of the morning light. For this purpose I offer two-thirds of my possessions. I am old, and my wants are few. Here is my tribute."

Enthusiastic cheers followed. Not a dissenting voice was heard. "We will have a Colossus of Rhodes!" was the universal exclamation. Every citizen, in imitation of Egetus, contributed a part of his wealth. The next step was to select an artist, and here again they were unanimous; Chares of Lindus was at once chosen. He was the favorite disciple of Lysippus, and in the early bloom of manhood; but what gave more interest to the affair was the fact that he was the grandson of old Egetus, and would have been the inheritor of the possessions now dedicated to the statue.

He was requested to name the sum necessary

for executing a bronze Colossus. He named what he thought adequate for a statue fifty feet high. The citizens doubled the sum, and requested him to erect a statue seventy cubits high, (one hundred and five feet.)

He immediately set about constructing it. Its feet were to rest on the two moles which formed the entrance of the harbor. A winding staircase was to ascend within to the top, from which could be discerned by glasses the shores of Syria, and the ships which sailed on the coast of Egypt. Around its neck the glasses were to be fastened for general use.

The life of an artist is full of toil and uncertainty. His calculation often falls short of the necessary expense, and his generous nature sinks under the mortification. Chares of Lindus worked with ardor; his elevated conceptions could not be subjugated to the items of expense. While the Colossus was rising in its glorious majesty, the poor artist began to comprehend that the sum deposited in his hands was wholly inadequate to the completion. Had his venerable grandfather, Egetus, been living, he would have found in him a counsellor and friend, but he had been borne to his last asylum, in his ninetieth year, and Chares could only consult his tender and sensitive wife, who took the hue of her impressions from the poor artist. For twelve years he had labored upon the statue, scarcely allowing himself seasons of rest. Want and poverty they could struggle with, but disgrace never. He well remembered the accusation brought against Phidias. "Alas!" said he, "I have no gold to demonstrate my innocence." His cheek grew pale and his eye languid, still he continued his labor. There is an instinct in woman often more sure than calculation. As his wife watched the trembling hand, the wild glances, of her husband, a thought came over her that for a moment checked her circulation; the glacee was a conviction of insanity. Her course was at once decided. She determined, feeble and timid as she was, to go to the authorities of the city and state the whole truth. The sweet attributes of mercy live in every age; it was three hundred years before the coming of the Saviour that these events took place, yet the fountain of human charity was then welling up. They listened to her statement, and sent her back with comfort and consolation.

Shall we go on with this story, or shall we count it as a fable, as the Italian historian Muratorio has done? No, let us believe in its truth; let us not, as seems to be the wisdom of modern times, veil all things in doubt; let us with generous faith embrace the records of ancient history, and be instructed by the past. With

impatient steps she returned to her husband. "All will now be well!" she exclaimed to herself; "we shall again be happy, and he will live to see the noble work completed."

She entered the chamber; all was stillness and solemnity. She turned; alas! what horror met her sight! She had indeed rightly read insanity in his eye, but too late to save him. Suspended by a cord, the deed of suicide was accomplished, and the sorrow and despair of the artist were ended.

Laches, a fellow-countryman and celebrated artist, finished the mighty statue. As it stood with each foot placed in the opposite moles, the loaded vessels of Egypt and Tyre passed beneath, and landed near the burial-place of the artist; for the Rhodians, with a sensibility which did them credit, decreed the honors of funeral rites to Chares, and appointed his burial-place near the statue of the god.

For many years the Colossus of Rhodes stood in all its grandeur, and was allowed by Pliny the elder to have excited more astonishment than all the other colossal statues ever known. The Rhodians considered it as an object of divine worship, and as the one God before whom all nations ought to bow. It was after a day of public ceremony in honor of Apollo that the heavens grew dark, a furious hurricane arose, and lofty trees were levelled. The zealous worshippers, trembling and affrighted, called on their deity for protection. At length the rocking of the earth drove them to caverns. Suddenly a tremendous crash was heard; the god of sixty years had fallen; the monster of art had been unable to save himself. The statue was broken off just below the knee, and lay a ruin.

Many a wanderer took its huge dimensions. Pliny relates that few persons could clasp its thumb, and that its fingers were as long as common statues. Flaxman, in his Lectures, gives an engraving of the head of the Rhodian Colossus. It is thought that the fine heads of the sun which are stamped on the Rhodian coins were a representation of the ancient Colossus. The statue lay in ruins, till Rhodes, the city of wealth, of taste, and consecrated to Apollo, became the prey of the Saracens in A. D. 684, when it was beaten to pieces and sold to a Jew merchant, who loaded above nine hundred camels with its spoils. Strabo and Pliny, who lived at the time of the Colossus, both attest its actual existence.

ON CRYSTALS FOUND IN PLANTS.

It has been proved, by the microscopic examinations of distinguished naturalists, that

saline substances are spontaneously crystallized within the cells of plants; the crystals having been found existing in infinite numbers throughout the bark, wood, and leaves of a great variety of trees and shrubs. The facts here stated are mostly taken from an interesting paper, read before the Association of American Geologists, by Professor J. W. Bailey, of West Point, detailing numerous discoveries made by himself. The attention of Prof. B. was accidentally led to the pursuit of this subject by noticing, one day, the ashes of a hickory ember, in which the natural structure of the wood was preserved uninjured by the saline matter, which had resisted the action of the fire. In order to preserve this structure, the Professor prepared a slip of glass with melted Canada balsam, and touching the ashes gently with the adhesive side, the delicate longitudinal section was transferred to the balsam, and became firmly fixed in this substance as it cooled and indurated; each part of the structure retaining the same relative position as it possessed in the wood. When the preparation was placed under the microscope, long rows of polygonal bodies of a brownish hue were clearly perceived. Similar bodies were discovered in the ashes of the oak, and in those of most dicotyledonous* trees, both native and foreign, constituting a large proportion of the insoluble matter of the ashes.

Prof. Bailey was at first in doubt whether these bodies were in fact true crystals, or simply saline matter which had taken the form of the cells in which it had concreted.

This doubt was solved by observing the bark of hickory when illuminated by the rays of the sun; numerous glittering particles were then seen, which proved, on examination, to be crystals; for when thin layers of bark, or sections of wood and bark were viewed by a microscope, the crystals were imbedded in their natural position.

They were, however, better seen by scraping the bark upon a plate of glass, upon moistening which with the breath, the crystals were made to adhere to the surface, while the woody particles were readily blown off. When placed under the microscope, the glittering atoms then appeared as beautiful transparent crystals.

These crystals, when prepared with balsam, were identical in every particular with the polygonal bodies found in the ashes.

These singular and interesting results led Prof. B. to extend his investigations, and he had the pleasure of discovering that the bark of every species of oak, birch, chestnut, poplar,

elm, locust, and of all the common fruit trees, as the apple, pear, plum, cherry, and likewise of a great number of others, were filled with crystals crowded together in vast numbers. When thin layers of the bark were moistened, and examined by the microscope, the arrangement of crystals appeared like an elegant piece of mosaic work. The bark of the locust, willow, chestnut, and various other trees exhibits a similar appearance. In the densest woods, such as mahogany and lignum vita, the crystals may be found by scraping the wood into a watch-glass filled with water, picking out the woody particles, and then examining the residue; and if by this process the crystals are, in any case sparingly discovered, they will be revealed in great quantities if the ashes of the wood to be examined are imbedded in balsam in the manner before described.

The crystals are likewise detected in the minute particles that fall from worm-eaten wood, or sawdust, and in the finer particles of ground dye-woods, such as fustic Brazil wood, camwood, logwood, sandal wood, &c.

Prof. B. next proceeded to examine the leaves of trees, which were likewise found to abound in crystals. By slowly and carefully burning the leaf until the ashes became white, and covering the residuum with Canada balsam, the incombustible portions of the leaf exhibited a skeleton of its figure. When a full grown leaf was thus prepared and placed under the microscope, the course of the minutest veins in the leaf was seen traced out in the ashes by a row of transparent crystals. In young leaves these crystals were observed only to exist in the main stem, and along some of the principal branches. In the leaves of other plants the arrangement of the crystals was found to be different, being scattered throughout the cellular tissue in star-like groups.

The size of these crystals is very small, not being greater in some trees, as the locust, willow, &c., than the twelve hundred and fiftieth of an inch in length; but their number is so great that within the compass of a square inch of bark, not thicker than a sheet of writing paper, more than a million of these beautiful gems are collected together. And when we reflect, says Prof. B., "upon the number of such layers contained in the thickness of the bark, and the number of square inches given by the surface of a large tree, including all its branches, and then consider, that in addition to all this, the amount of crystals contained in the leaves, wood and roots is to be taken into account, we find that the number of crystals in a single tree is enormous beyond all conception." When the

* From the Greek *dis*, double, and *cotyledon*, a seed-leaf. Trees whose seeds divide into two parts, as the sprout.

ocrystals found in wood are subjected to chemical tests they are generally found to be composed of *oxalate of lime*.
THE BLUE WASP.—BY E. C. WOODWORTH.

There is a species of wasp, not very common among us, which somewhat resembles the large and more common black wasp, but is much more sylph-like, and of a blue color. Its motions are very rapid, when not on the wing. It seems unable to keep still a moment. I will call the species the *blue wasp*, for the sake of convenience, as I do not want to puzzle you with any long, out-of-the-way names, which you never saw or heard of before.

While at the city of Washington, not long since, I made the acquaintance of a gentleman who had long been in the habit of carefully observing the habits of insects, and who entertained me not a little with the anecdotes he told about spiders, wasps, beetles, &c. Among other stories which he told me was the following, illustrating some of the traits of character of the blue wasp. It is worth telling again, reader:

In the summer of 1844 (says my friend) I went from Washington on an excursion, by water, to the mouth of the Patuxent, for recreation, and in quest of geological specimens for my cabinet. One morning, while on the beach, quite within the mouth of the river, waiting for some comrades to join me, I observed a large gray spider at the water's edge, and expected to see some of the tiny ripples overtake and drown him. He was tumbled over several times, as the sailor says, "upon his beam ends," but soon recovered, and did not seem to mind it. While watching his movements, a brilliant blue wasp flew upon the spider's back and stung him, and a battle ensued. I was deeply interested in the affair, and closely observed the two combatants. After flying up and pouncing down again upon the spider several times, the latter seemed quite used up, and was floated off a foot or two from the margin of the water, by the miniature seas upon his back, and his feet all drawn up. The wasp alighted upon him, took a foot in his mouth, and, by the aid of his wings, towed him ashore. He then alighted upon the sand, seized a leg of the spider in his mouth, and, walking backward, dragged him some distance ashore. He continued to drag the spider in this way, and resting occasionally, till he arrived at a ridge in the sand, of about an inch in perpendicular height, and parallel to the water for a great distance. This ridge was caused by the washing of the flood tide. It was then low water. As the spider was at least four times the bulk and weight of the wasp, he found this ridge an in-

surmountable obstacle. He flew to the top, stooped over, and endeavored to lift the spider bodily up, but in vain. He then flew some yards lower down, and then above where the spider lay, all the time reconnoitering, to find a breach in the embankment, or an ascent by which to get his prey up. Noticing his perplexity, I cautiously laid a little piece of bark as an inclined plane, near the spider, which was soon observed by the wasp, when he at once dragged the spider up the plane and landed him safely on the opposite side of the ridge. Again he resumed his toilsome dragging, still at right angles to the water's edge, toiling and resting alternately, till he had drawn his victim some eighteen or twenty feet from the water, near the foot of a very high cliff. There he flew about, as if at a loss how to proceed further. I approached, and saw him enter a hole in the sand, and back out again, and so enter several of these holes. Sometimes he would only go in half his length, and rarely deep enough to disappear altogether. Then he would back out again. By-and-by he alighted on the spider, and carried him past several holes, leaving him at the mouth of another, which he inspected by getting half in. But again he came out, and took the spider to the next hole, which he also inspected, came out, seized the spider by a leg in his mouth, and entered the hole backward, dragging the spider after him.

I sat down near the abode of this bold, persevering, and sanguineous insect, and felt more gratification from the past half hour's entertainment than ever I had experienced from a trifling incident before; and fell into a reverie—musing on the extraordinary works of Nature—till roused by my comrades.

Here is another anecdote of this species of wasp, from a source equally entitled to credit: "I was writing at my table," says an intelligent gentleman, residing in the western part of the State of New York, "with the door of my room standing open, when my attention was suddenly arrested by the humming of a large purple or blue wasp, which flew about me with greater freedom than I desired. I watched him while he took several turns round the room, and finally flew to a corner where there was a large spider's web, spreading out each way from the walls like an old-fashioned corn-fan, having a hole or hiding-place extending down from the surface of the web, into the corner of the room, five or six inches, at the bottom of which the old spider—a very large one of the common house kind—was safely ensconced. The wasp flew under the nest and close to the spider, and examined her minutely through the covering

that surrounded her. He then flew round directly over the web, and let himself fall upon it at the centre, and there buzzed and hummed, and seemed to struggle as if anxious to escape from its subtle meshes. The old spider came out in great haste to seize the entangled prey, but when she had approached within reach of the wasp, he snatched her up, and flew away to imprison her in the mud walls of his nest, to make food for his growing family."

MY HUSBAND.—BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

My husband is a very strange man. To think how he should have grown so provoked about such a little matter as that scarlet scarf. Well, there's no use trying to drive him, I've settled that in my mind. But he can be coaxed,—can't he, though?—and from this time henceforth—shan't I know how to manage him? Still, there's no denying, Mr. Adams is a very strange man.

You see, it was this morning at breakfast, I said to him, "Henry, I must have one of those ten dollar scarfs at Stuart's. They are perfectly charming, and will correspond so nicely with my maroon velvet cloak. I want to go out this morning and get one, before they are all gone."

"Ten dollars don't grow on every bush, Adeline; and just now times are pretty hard, you know," he answered in a dry careless kind of tone, which irritated me greatly. Beside that, I knew he could afford to get me the scarf just as well as not, only, perhaps, my manner of requesting it did not quite suit his lordship.

"Gentlemen who can afford to buy satin vests at ten dollars apiece, can have no motive but penuriousness for objecting to give their wives as much for a scarf," I retorted, as I glanced at the money which a few moments before he had laid by the side of my plate, requesting me to procure one for him; he always trusts my taste in these matters. I spoke angrily. I should have been sorry for it the next moment, if he had not answered,

"You will then attribute it to my penuriousness, I suppose, when I tell you I cannot let you have another ten dollars to-day."

"Well, then, I will take this and get me the scarf. You can do without your vest this fall," and I took up the bills and left the room, for he did not answer me.

"I need it, and I must have it," I soliloquised as I washed my tear-swollen eyes, and adjusted my hair, for a walk down Broadway; but all the while there was a still small voice in my heart, whispering "Don't do it. Go and buy the vest for your husband," and at last (would you believe it?) that inner voice triumphed. I went

down to the tailor's, selected the vest, and brought it home.

"Here it is, Henry. I selected the color which I thought would suit you best. Isn't it rich?" I said, as I unfolded the vest after dinner, for somehow my pride was all gone. I had felt so much happier ever since I had resolved to forego the scarf.

He did not answer me, but there was such a look of tenderness filling his dark, handsome eyes, as his lips dropped to my forehead, that it was as much as I could do to keep from crying outright.

But I havn't told you the cream of the story yet. To-night, when he came home to supper, he threw a little bundle into my lap. Wondering greatly what it could be, I opened it, and there (would you believe it!) was the scarlet scarf, the very one I set my heart on at Stuart's, yesterday.

"Oh! Henry," I said, looking up and trying to thank him, but my lips trembled, and then the tears dashed over my eyelashes, and he drew my head to his heart, and smoothed down my curls, and murmured the old loving words in my ear, while I cried there a long time; but Oh! my tears were such sweet ones.

He is a strange man, my husband, but he is a noble one, too, and his heart is in the right place after all, only it's a little hard to find it sometimes, and it seems to me my heart never said it so deeply as it does to-night. God bless him!

DON'T BE TOO CERTAIN.

Aye, now boys, don't be too certain. Remember that nothing is easier than to be mistaken. And if you permit yourself to be mistaken a great many times, everybody will lose confidence in what you say. They will feel no security in trusting to your word. Never make a positive statement, without you know it is as you say. If you have any doubts, remove them, by examination, before speaking confidently. *Don't be too certain.*

"John, where is the hammer?"

"It is in the corn-house."

"No, it is not there; I have just been looking there."

"Well, I know it is there; I saw it there, not half an hour ago."

"If you saw it there, it must be there, of course. But suppose you go and fetch it."

John goes to the corn-house, and presently returns with a small axe in his hand. "O, it was the axe I saw. The handle was sticking out from a half bushel measure. I thought it was the hammer."

"Well, don't be certain another time."

"Yes, father, but I did really think I saw it, or I should not have said so."

"But you said positively that you *did* see it, not that you *thought* you saw it. There is a great difference between the two answers. Do not permit yourself to make a positive statement, even about small matters, unless you are quite sure; for if you do, you will find the habit growing upon you, and bye and bye you will begin to make loose replies to questions of great importance. *Don't be too certain.*"

John wandered off to the house, trying to convince himself he was in the right, after all.

His father had given him a pretty wooden snow-shovel, the winter before, and John had taken great delight in shovelling the clean, white snow, during the winter.

It was now the middle of April. The sun shone warm, and the birds sang gaily in the trees. John shouldered his pretty shovel, and was marching off with it.

"What are you going to do with your snow-shovel, John?" said his grandmother.

"I'm going to put it away in the barn, for the summer, so that it needn't get broke."

"Seems to me I would not put it away just yet; we may have more snow pretty soon."

"O, fiddle-dee-dee! we shall not have any more snow until next winter; I'm sure of that. Don't you see how warm it is? The lilacs have all budded, the peas have come up, and the robins and martins are singing about. I know it won't snow any more."

"Well, perhaps it will not," said his grandmother, "but don't be too certain; it looks like a storm now."

"*Don't be too certain.*" The words rang in John's ears; but he carried on his shovel, and stowed it away carefully in the barn.

The next morning, what was his amazement to see the ground white with snow, and the storm violently beating against his chamber window. It continued to snow all day long, and the next morning it lay in great drifts around the house.

John waded down to the barn for his shovel, and soon cleared the path of snow. When he came to his breakfast, he declared he would not put away his shovel again until the first of July, at the least.—*Monthly Instructor.*

EVER SO MANY BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

"There are ever so many beautiful things up in the sky, mother!" said little Eddie, as he sat in his mother's lap, leaning his head upon her encircling arm.

The clouds had gathered about the horizon,

and assumed many beautiful and fantastic shapes. Some of them were gorgeously colored with the rays of the departed sun, and were shaded from the most delicate rose to the darkest, richest crimson. As the sun receded farther and farther behind the green hills, they grew darker and darker, and the imaginative boy had seen fancied ships with their sails spread, steam-vessels with clouds of smoke rolling from their chimneys, mountains piled upon mountains, trees, birds, and many other wondrous things which filled his infant mind with admiration.

Soon the stars twinkled forth, and they awoke a new interest. At first, they appeared one by one, as if timidly venturing to look down upon our beautiful planet; and, when fully assured that the king of day had disappeared, they came forth faster and more numerously, till the whole heavens were bespangled with their glittering brightness. Then their companion, the moon, came slowly up, shining with a soft and mellow light, a new beauty in the "blue wilderness of interminable air."

Eddie had long gazed silently before he uttered the exclamation, "There are ever so many beautiful things up in the sky!" and I suppose he had had many thoughts which it would have been pleasant for his mother to know. He did not often sit up so late that he could see the stars.

Eddie is not the only one who has been charmed with the glowing sunset, the gray twilight, or the starry firmament. David loved to look upon the works of God. In one of his psalms, he says, "When I consider the heavens, the works of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" It was astonishing to David, that God, who was so infinitely superior to man, and who had given such proofs of his power and greatness in the creation of the heavens, should condescend to notice him, to provide for his minutest wants, and to protect him from danger. I suppose this psalm was written in the night, when the sweet singer of Israel had been looking at just such a sky as drew from Eddie his exclamation of admiration.

I often think, as I look abroad, how wonderful it is that God has made everything so beautiful. We need never weary in studying his works. The more we learn of them, the more we realize his greatness and perfection. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork."

When you look at the clear, blue sky, do you

remember who has spread it out, and who has created the innumerable worlds which we see when darkness covers our earth! "There are," indeed, "ever so many beautiful things up in the sky," and it was a Father's hand that placed them there. They are for us to enjoy, and many a lesson of love and confidence have they taught God's children. Dear little Eddie! I hope he will always love nature, and early learn to "look through nature up to nature's God."

I shall never forget a drive with my father, when I was a child so small that I sat on a little footstool in the chaise, between him and my mother. We were returning from a visit to aunt Harriet, at whose house we had been spending the day. It was a fine evening. The air was balmy and pleasant. I remember how the frogs sung in the low ground, and how we listened to their quaint music. We had not driven far before the moon rose, and the stars, one by one, appeared. My father had a true love for nature, and for whatever was beautiful or grand. We drove on without speaking for a time, each enjoying the evening "so cool, so calm, so bright." My father broke the silence by repeating, in his deep, rich tones, that beautiful hymn of Addison's, commencing with these lines—

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim."

I was awed by the reverence of his manner, and I felt myself, in the presence of my Maker, a mere speck amid his vast creations. An ineffaceable impression was made on my mind, young as I was. My father died many years ago, while I was still a child, but the lesson of that hour has not been forgotten.—*N. Y. Independent.*

TRY AGAIN, THERE IS NO REMAINDER.

We find this instructive story in the *Lady's Christian Annual*:

When we were a lad, just after we had commenced the puzzling study of arithmetic, we one day had occasion to seek the teacher's aid in solving a "question." It was in Division, and, cipher as we would, we could not get an "answer without a remainder." After "trying" for two long hours, we took our slate, marched up to the desk, and handed it to the teacher. He looked at our work, said not a word, wrote something on the slate, and handed it back to us. Vexed and out of patience with his cool indifference, we returned to our seat, and after indulging in some very rebellious thoughts,

against him, we read the writing. It was, "Try again, there is no remainder." The silent but expressive sentence gave us more assurance than if he had spoken it a dozen times. It inspired us with confidence. We did try again, and again, and after repeated exertions we succeeded in obtaining a correct result without a "remainder." We felt proud of that boyish triumph, and when we again laid our slate before the master, we were amply rewarded with an approving smile and encouraging words.

These six words were stamped indelibly upon our memory, and ever afterwards, when apparent difficulty stared us in the face in our undertaking, they recurred to us. Right there before us, with our mind's eye, we can see them on the slate—every word, every letter, distinctly—and we take fresh courage, and "try again." Those words were the talisman to all we have ever accomplished. They are not cherished because of their authorship. The crabbed little schoolmaster that wrote them was the least beloved by us of all our youthful instructors, and yet he wrote six words that are engraved in our heart.

SMALL CAPITALS, AND HOW TO GET THEM.

The history of many of the world's best men, who have risen from poverty to positions of honor and affluence, reveals the interesting fact that it was the possession of a *small cash capital*, in the outset, which enabled them to *start* on that career of success which ever after attended their footsteps. The histories of thousands of men, unknown to fame, who have raised themselves from the daily drudgery of servile tasks, to situations of comparative comfort, attest the same important truth.

We fear that a sad forgetfulness of these examples prevails among the young men of our day. They are too apt to sneer at the idea of "small beginnings," and to indulge their fancies in "higher aspirations." They boast, as if it were a virtue, that they must commence business on a large scale, or not at all.

With such spurious notions, constituting the main spring of all their actions, they soon fall into spendthrift habits; they neglect to economise their small means; they waste their time; they have no fixed purpose; they live from hand to mouth; their reputation for reliability is not good, and when a favorable opportunity occurs, where, by the judicious employment of a small capital—say one hundred dollars—they could commence a profitable business, such individuals are caught without a cent in their pockets or an acquaintance who dares to trust them.

Again, there is a large class of young men who cherish the belief that the times are less favorable now for the successful development of small enterprises than by-gone years.

This is a very great mistake. The opportunities for money-making, especially from small beginnings, are a hundred-fold more numerous now than they were twenty-five years ago.

There is no telling what may be the products now-a-days from even a hundred dollar capital. In our own sphere of business, we have known many instances where individuals, by having on hand ready cash, even to a smaller amount than that named, have been enabled to obtain full or partial interest in valuable patents, from which they soon realized large fortunes. Indeed, our own personal experience is a striking example:—it was the happy possession of four hundred dollars—saved up in readiness for the first propitious opportunity—that enabled the senior partner of the *Scientific American* to enter upon the successful path which he now holds.

Similar incidents are of daily occurrence in every business. They show the importance, to young men especially, of always having on hand, ready for a favorable *start*, a small sum in cash.

The inquiry of many who read these lines, will now be, "How shall we even get a small capital?" We reply, by close economy, by over-work, and especially by pushing through with *energy* and *perseverance*, whatever the hands find to do.—*Scientific American*.

A TRUE MAN.

If I shall describe a living man, a man that hath that life that distinguishes him from a fowl or a bird, that which gives him a capacity next to angels; we shall find that even a good man lives not long, because it is long before he is born to this life, and longer yet before he hath a man's growth. "He that can look upon death, and see its face with the same countenance with which he hears its story; that can endure all the labors of his life with his soul supporting his body; that can equally despise riches when he hath them, and when he hath them not; that is not sadder if they lie in his neighbor's trunks, nor more brag if they shine round about his own walls; he that is never moved with good fortune coming to him, nor going from him; that can look upon another man's lands, evenly and pleasedly as if they were his own, and yet look upon his own and use them, too, just as if they were another man's; that neither spends his goods prodigally, and like a fool, nor yet keeps them avariciously and like a wretch; that weighs not benefits by

weight and number, but by the mind and circumstances of him that gives them; that never thinks his charity expensive if a worthy person be the receiver; he that does nothing for opinion's sake, but everything for conscience, being as curious of his thoughts as of his actings in markets and theatres, and is as much in awe of himself as of a whole assembly; he that knows God looks on, and contrives his secret affairs as in the presence of God and his holy angels; that eats and drinks because he needs it, not that he may serve a lust or load his stomach; he that is bountiful and cheerful to his friends, and charitable and apt to forgive his enemies; that loves his country and obeys his prince, and desires and endeavors nothing more than that they may do honor to God;" this person may reckon his life to be the life of a man, and compute his months, not by the course of the sun, but by the zodiac and circle of his virtues: because these are such things which fools and children, and birds, and beasts, cannot have. These are therefore the actions of life, because they are the seeds of immortality. That day in which we have done some excellent thing, we may as truly reckon to be added to our life, as were the fifteen years to the days of Hezekiah.—*Bishop Taylor.*

WEALTH BEFORE CHARACTER.

In the upper circles of fashionable life, says the *N. Y. Independent*, no questions are asked how one came by his money, if he only shows that he has money, or appears to have it. If he lives in a fine house, keeps a good carriage, gives splendid parties, no questions are asked as to whether all this is honestly paid for. With such a standard before them, it is not surprising that aspiring men, who feel themselves in other respects the equals, if not the superiors of their wealthy neighbors, should find some short road to wealth. The passion for riches, the idea that success in life depends mainly upon wealth, is fruitful in temptations to dishonesty. "For they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil: which, while some covet dexter, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

This is the maelstrom of character in our city. Men will be rich, they must be rich; they put forth on the sea of speculation, they reach after every floating straw of prosperity; they give themselves to the giddy passion of money-getting, and are whirled every whither by its power. Smoothly they ride at first on the giddy

outskirts of dishonesty, till, infatuated with the pursuit, they dive deeper and deeper, and are sucked into the mighty vortex—a wreck of character, fortune, hope, and life. The only safeguard is to hug the shore of honesty. Make character supreme.

So strong is the infatuation of wealth among us, such the glare of wealth above character, such the imputed disgrace of poverty, that even feminine delicacy will come out from the retirement of private life to resent the imputation of poverty before marriage as a greater grief than a husband's fraud; and the newspapers must publish to the world that, whatever robberies a man may be charged with, his wife was never guilty of the stupendous crime—of being “a poor girl.” We transgress no rule of propriety in thus adverting to what is matter of public advertisement. We offer no censure upon individuals. But is it not pitiable to see from such volunteer exposures of high life, how wealth and character stand respectively in the estimation of many who make our society? The influence of such false pride is baleful in the extreme. Is it not worth to any woman more than gold to say, “However poor I or my family may have been, my husband is an honest man?”

GARDENING.

Perhaps it is rather out of season to talk about gardening, but the following extract from Miss Cooper's charming book, “Rural Hours,” is in season at all times, and if we lay it by, it may become overlaid and forgotten. The true gardener, moreover, can find something to do at all times. Even in mid-winter, if he has no conservatory, or house plants, he may prepare and preserve his seeds, and arrange his plans. But to the extract :

“Gardening is a civilizing and improving occupation in itself; its influences are all beneficial; it usually makes people more industrious, and more amiable. Persuade a careless, indolent man to take an interest in his garden, and his reformation has begun. Let an idle woman honestly watch over her own flower beds, and she will naturally become more active. There is always work to be done in a garden, some little job to be added to yesterday's task, without which, it is incomplete; books may be closed with a mark where one left off; needle work may be thrown aside and resumed again; a sketch may be left half finished; a piece of music half practised: even attention to household matters may relax in some measure, for a while; but regularity and method are absolutely indispensable to the well being of a garden.

The occupation itself is so engaging, that one commences readily, and the interest increases so naturally, that no great share of perseverance is needed to continue the employment, and thus labor becomes a pleasure, and the dangerous habits of idleness is checked. Of all faults of character, there is not one, perhaps, depending so entirely upon habit as indolence; and nowhere can one learn a lesson of order and diligence more prettily and more pleasantly than from a flower garden.

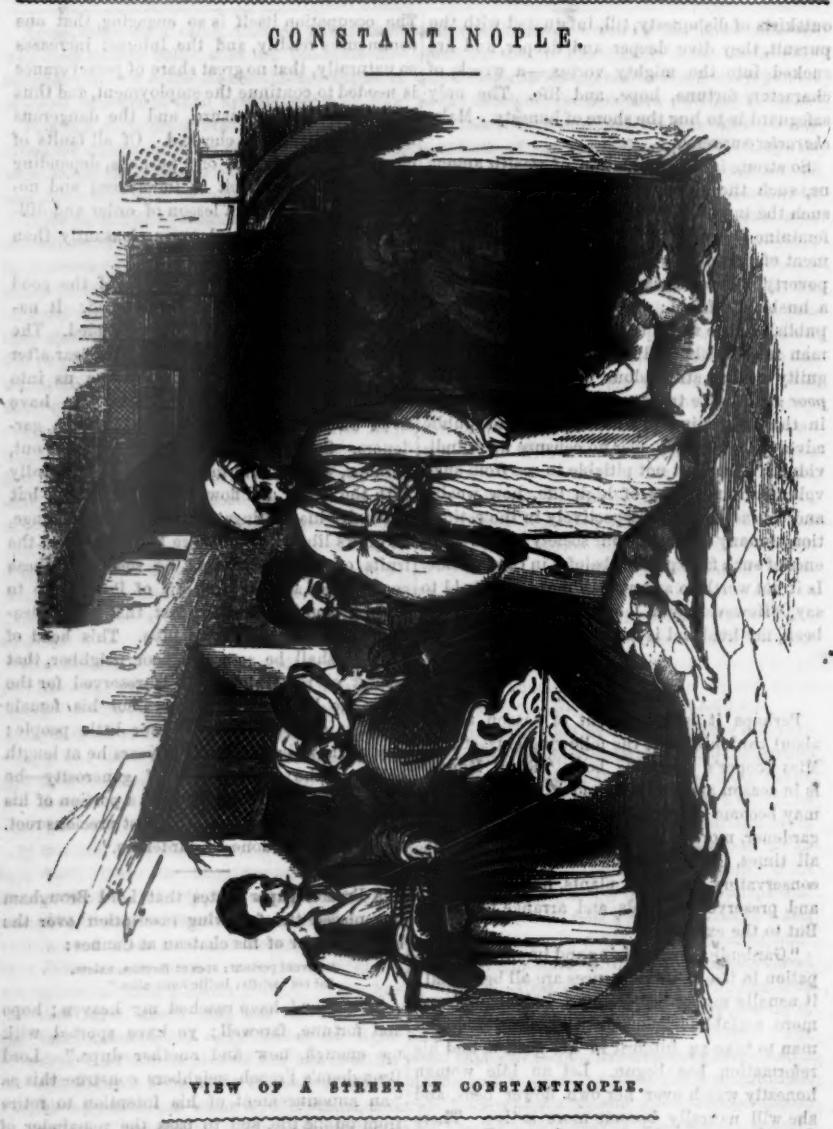
“But another common instance of the good effect of gardening may be mentioned. It naturally inclines one to be open handed. The bountiful returns which are bestowed year after year upon our feeble labors, shame us into liberality. Among all the misers who have lived on earth, probably few have been gardeners. Some cross-grained churl may set out, perhaps, with a determination to be niggardly with the fruits and flowers of his portion; but gradually his feelings soften, his views change, he grows liberal, and before he has housed the fruits of many summers, he sees that these good things are the free gift of Providence to himself, and he learns, at last, that it is a pleasure as well as a duty to give. This head of cabbage shall be sent to a poor neighbor, that basket of refreshing fruit is reserved for the sick; he has pretty nosegays for his female friends; apples and peaches for little people; nay, perhaps in the course of years he at length achieves the highest act of generosity—he bestows on some friendly rival a portion of his rarest seed, a shoot from his most precious root. Such deeds are done by gardeners.”

A French paper states that Lord Brougham has placed the following inscription over the entrance door of his chateau at Cannes :

“Inveni portum; spe et fortuna, valeat,
Sat me lusisti; ludite nunc alios.”

That is, “I have reached my heaven; hope and fortune, farewell; ye have sported with me enough, now find another dupe.” Lord Brougham's French neighbors construe this as “an announcement of his intention to retire from public life, and to pass the remainder of his days among them in the genial climate of the Var.” However that may be, the adoption of such a motto, at the end of the career of such a brilliant statesman, is a very instructive fact. He stands forth, like Solomon at the end of life, writing “vanity of vanities” on all.

The great are under as much difficulty to expend with pleasure, as the mean to labor with success.



VIEW OF A STREET IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Constantinople, the capital of the Turkish empire, (called by the Turks Stamboul,) is situated on the Bosphorus—a strait betwixt the Mediterranean and Black seas. It is a large and populous, though crowded and exceedingly inconvenient city, built in the form of a triangle, and containing a population of upwards of 800,000 inhabitants. Its situation for trade is superior to that of any other city in the world, as communications can be carried on

with it by the Mediterranean sea on its western, and by the Black sea on its eastern side. As the ground on which Constantinople stands gradually rises, the whole city may be viewed from the sea, and its numerous palaces, minarets, mosques, and other public buildings, give it a grand and imposing appearance.

But the traveller experiences much disappointment on landing. There is not, as in London or Philadelphia, spacious thoroughfares,

crowded with vehicles of every description, which are continually passing and repassing; the splendid shops and warerooms, the windows of which are filled with every variety of goods, displayed for sale, and the continuous current of a busy and industrious population; on the contrary, the houses of Constantinople present a mean appearance, and the few windows that are visible from the outside, are shut up with thick lattices, so appropriately denominated by the French *jealousies*; even the palaces of the grandees are devoid of external magnificence, although, internally, they are decorated with the most splendid and costly ornaments, whilst the streets are narrow, winding, filthy with offal, and during the day almost entirely deserted.

Mr. McFarlane, who visited Constantinople, thus describes the appearance presented by its streets :

"I walked up one street, and down another; for, wherever chance led me, I was sure to find novelty and interest of some sort. Except what seems the most considerable street of the city,"—a street that traverses nearly its whole length, and which is tolerably broad and airy;—all seemed gloomy and depopulated. The dark, red-painted dwellings of the Turks stood around me, yet so rarely was a human being seen, so uninterrupted was the silence, that I could scarcely believe myself in the capital of a vast empire—in splendid Stamboul—of whose over flowing population I had so often read.

"Some half a dozen times, perhaps, in the course of my meditative peregrinations, my thoughts were enlivened by the sight of sundry black eyes, which I perceived peeping through their white yatmaks and the thick lattices, wondering no doubt what I could be doing in those unfrequented regions, and my ears were saluted by an occasional titter from my concealed observers;—pleasant sounds, as they showed at least that all gaiety had not fled from the place.

"Another refreshing relief, the charm of which I still recall with delight, was to catch, through the gloomy avenue of one of the deserted streets at the back of the town, a view of the broad, blue basin of the Propontis, of the lovely Princes' Islands, of the distant mountains of Nicomedia, and of the still more remote and sublime heights of the Bithynian Olympus, all shining gay and bright in the beams of the glorious sun."

But our engraving appears to contradict all this, for it exhibits a crowd of figures, as if the

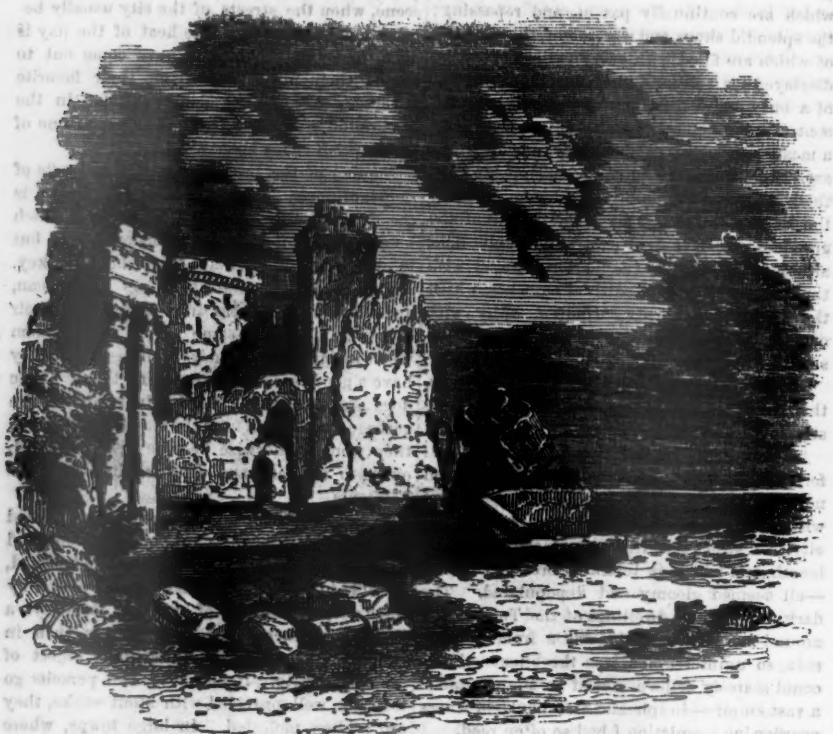
street was thronged. But it is an evening scene, when the streets of the city usually become more animated. The heat of the day is over, and the inhabitants have come out to smoke their pipes, and drink their favorite beverage, coffee. The door exhibited in the foreground of the picture is the door of one of the Turkish coffee houses.

Another of the peculiarities of the streets of Constantinople, represented in the wood-cut, is the dogs—those pests to the traveller, which he encounters, not only at Constantinople, but in every town and village throughout Turkey. Mohammedanism prescribes dogs as unclean, and therefore the Turks drive them out of their houses; and yet the same people protect them when roaming about their dwellings. But they have a good reason for patronising them. These dogs are exceedingly useful in removing the garbage and carrion from the streets, with which they would otherwise become speedily filled, owing to the lazy and dirty habits of the inhabitants.

In some towns and villages, seldom visited by strangers, these dogs are both ferocious and vicious. The traveller, unless well armed, is liable to be attacked and torn in pieces by them; for the attack of one dog is always a signal for others, who immediately rush in great numbers on the unfortunate object of their malignity. If, however, two persons go together, well provided with stout sticks, they are seldom molested. In large towns, where there is more business, the dogs are more used to strangers, and do not molest them in the day time; but at night it is not safe, even for the inhabitants, to venture abroad—an assault from the dogs is almost a certainty; few, therefore, do so alone, and never without being well prepared for an encounter.

On the top of a small but conspicuous hill, near to Hoddon Castle, on the banks of the river Annan, in Scotland, is a square tower, built of hewn stone, over the door of which are carved the figures of a dove and serpent, and between them the word "Repentance." Hence the building, though its proper name is Trail-trow, is more frequently called the Tower of Repentance. It is said that Sir Richard Steele, while riding near this place, saw a shepherd boy reading his Bible, and asked him what he learned from it. "The way to heaven," answered the boy. "And can you show it to me?" said Sir Richard, in banter. "Yop must go by that tower," replied the shepherd; and he pointed to the Tower of Repentance.

* This street is called Adrianople, and is the longest and broadest in the city.



THE RUINS OF CÆSAREA.

When Palestine first became a province of the Roman empire, the Romans simply contented themselves with exacting tribute from the people, and did not interfere with their religion and laws. But, notwithstanding this favorable arrangement, the Jews were restless and unhappy. Judea was in this humbled and unsettled state when "Jesus was born in Bethlehem, in the days of Herod the King." This most important of all events occurred in the reign of the Roman emperor Augustus Cæsar.

Herod, although a very bad man, as both sacred and profane history testifies, had nevertheless a very enterprising and magnanimous spirit. The peculiar institutions of the Jews did not dispose them to become a maritime people, and accordingly, in their best days, they never aspired to the possession of a navy. But, when Judea lost her independence, she began to display a greater amount of activity in her ports. To encourage this commercial spirit,

Herod built a new city on the sea-coast of Palestine, which he named Cæsarea, in honor of the Roman emperor Augustus Cæsar.

Cæsarea was magnificently built by Herod. It contained many fine buildings, gorgeous palaces, temples, and theatres, and was protected from the encroachments of the Mediterranean sea by a harbor formed of vast stones, some of them, according to Josephus, being fifty feet in length, eighteen feet in breadth, and nine feet in depth. This harbor, which extended into the sea to some considerable distance from the land, acted as a breakwater, and afforded, at the same time, safe shelter for shipping.

Cæsarea thus built and adorned, became virtually the capital of Judea under the Romans. In it was Herod's royal palace and the residence of the Roman governors. Every fifth year games were celebrated at Cæsarea in honor of Cæsar, and to commemorate the building of the city; and it was at one of these festivals that Herod's

grandson, Herod Agrippa, died miserably as recorded in the 12th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. Cesarea was the scene of St. Paul's imprisonment when he was rescued from the violence of the mob, and it was here that the Apostle made his famous oration in answer to the accusations of Tertullus. Lastly, it was from this place that St. Paul embarked on his perilous voyage, after he had made his "appeal unto Caesar."

Cesarea subsisted with various fluctuations until the time of the Crusades; and in the wars of that period it sank never to rise again. "Perhaps there has not been," says Dr. Clarke, "in the history of the world an example of any city that in so short a space of time rose to such an extraordinary height of splendor, as did this of Cesarea, or that exhibits a more awful contrast to its former magnificence, by the present desolate appearance of its ruins. Its theatres, once resounding with the shouts of multitudes, echo no other sounds than the nightly cries of animals roaming for their prey. Of its gorgeous palaces and temples, enriched with the choicest works of art, and decorated with the most precious marbles, scarcely a single trace can be found." Not a single human being is to be found on the spot where once stood a populous city! The harbor is filled with sand, and the wild sea waves may be seen breaking over the ruins of its columns and buttresses. A castle, the walls of the city, and two aqueducts, are amongst the most perfect remains; and all around are the relics of its private and public buildings—the crumbling architecture of which confirms the descriptions, given by Josephus, of its ancient magnificence.

PREACHING AND PRACTICING.—Dr. Channing had a brother, a physician, and at one time they both lived in Boston. A countryman, in search of a divine, knocked at the doctor's door. The following dialogue ensued:

"Does Dr. Channing live here?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Can I see him?"

"I am he."

"Who! you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You must have altered considerably since I heard you preach!"

"Hear me preach!"

"Certainly! You are the Dr. Channing that preaches, ain't you?"

"Oh, I see your mistake, now. It's my brother who preaches. I am the doctor who practices."

THE STOCKBRIDGE BOWL.

More picturesquely designated as the "Mountain Mirror."

BY MEETA.

It is called the "Mountain Mirror,"

That mimic little lake,

Like a dewy eye of azure,

So clear and wide awake.

And it lies among the mountains,

A trembling, shining thing;

Such a heaving heart of sunshine,

An everlasting spring.

Oh! what wild and thrilling legends,

Its bubbled waves could say,

With their lisping waves of silver,

Their reaching rings of spray:

Of the swift and painted warrior,

The darting birch canoe;

Of dark-eyed maids, with shining braids,

And cheeks of dusky hue.

How it mirrors all the mountains,

That calmly looking down,

View their sunset cheeks of crimson—

Their twilight hoods of brown.

How its quiv'ring arms encircle

Another arching sky,

That within a frame of silver,

Seems placidly to lie.

And God, whose Hand hath placed it there,

To gush with sweet intent,

Hath written on its tranquil breast

A lesson of content.

SONG—THE LOVE SPELL.

BY MARY ANN WHITAKER.

Come, let me this fair wreath entwine

Around that peerless brow;

Its flow'ry eloquence divine,

In mystic voice will glow;

Its kisses meet those tresses bright,

A tale of love to tell;

Then how thy spirit, gentle one,

Beneath the magic spell.

List! the sweet flowers, in fairy speech,

Plead Truth and Constancy—

Their soft, low breathings, but the prayers

Which upward rise for thee;

Their fragrance o'er thy sense shall steal,

Like incense, from a heart

Whose holiest thoughts are all thine own.

Oh, bid them not depart.

I garlanded these modest flowers,

Because, like thee, they shun

The vulgar gaze, and as thy love,

Were fondly sought ere won.

Thus, then, this wilding wreath I twine

Upon thy blushing brow—

That glance, that tear, proclaim thee mine,

The spell reveals it now.

THE SOMNAMBULIST;
OR RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD PHYSICIAN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

In the profession, I had the reputation of being credulous, and easily led off by every new humbug, or psychological phenomenon. Out of the profession, among thinking and observing men, I was called liberal-minded. The real truth was—I rarely called anything a humbug. I knew very well, that in medicine, as well as out of it, there was more than had been dreamed of in our philosophy. I was not slow to observe, so long as forty years ago, that the world was entering upon a new era, and that, in science, facts of a most wonderful nature were about coming to the light. The precursor of this advancing stage of the world, was too broad and bright above the Eastern horizon for me to be mistaken. The consequence was, that I held my mind in an affirmative rather than a negative state, and was prepared to look at every thing and investigate everything that professed to elevate the medical profession from the obscure and uncertain light in which it was groping its way. I had, alas! too many practical evidences of the almost total ignorance that prevailed in regard to the nature and power of medicinal agents; to feel much puffed up and mentally darkened by professional pride. I felt like one groping along an uncertain way, in the dark. Hundreds of times, when I gave a remedy, I would ask myself, "How does this cure? What is the law of its operation, independent of its general action as an irritant, sedative, anti-spasmodic, etc.?" I saw that, in cases bearing mainly strong features of resemblance, and classified under certain distinctive heads, the same medicines acted with very different effect.

These questions were not mine alone; many others were asking them and looking around for answers. Replies came, of course, with a dogmatism intended to settle all controversies and silence all cavilling. But such as were given did not satisfy. To be told that a difference in constitution, or a difference in the disturbing force modified, as a matter of course, the action of the same disease, was felt to be true enough, but it did not meet the radical ground of the inquiry—"How does medicine cure? What is the quality of its action upon a diseased condition of the human body, peculiar to itself as a distinct medicament?" I saw that every material form had a quality of its own as different from the qualities of all other things, as its own form was different. There was no mistaking rhubarb for clouts, either in

appearance to the eye or action upon any organ or sense of the body; and the same marked difference lay between every plant and herb—thing animate or thing inanimate; and I was, moreover, impressed with a deep conviction, that each medicine in the pharmacopeia had a virtue of its own, more potent and peculiar than was then assigned to it.

But how to develop this virtue I knew not. I had not the key, and did not know where to discover it. But I kept my eyes open and busy in the examination of all new theories of medicine. Between radical reforms and mere ignorant quackeries, it was very easy to discriminate—and I could discriminate as quickly as any of my contemporaries—and, I believe, more clearly and rationally than most of them, for the reason that I examined everything, and could, therefore, understand exactly upon what basis every new system of medical philosophy stood. While they were crying "humbug," I was examining the new wonder in the length and breadth of its pretensions; and often, while the general report was, that I had become a convert, I had not only demonstrated to my own satisfaction, that a little truth had been mixed up with a mass of error, in the new theory, but had extracted that little truth for my own guidance and thrown the error away.

Among the most prominent of the medical reforms that pushed into notoriety, at the time of which I write, and still maintains some ground, was "Thomsonianism." I did not join in the hue and cry raised against this system, but watched its operations. The general propositions in regard to it gave me no new philosophical light, and satisfied me that it could not advance medical science. Its practice was too energetic, and disregarded, almost totally, the temperament, idiosyncracy, or physical condition of the patient. If any of my patients, as many did, asked me about it, I cautiously avoided the hackneyed term, "humbug," exhibited no bitterness towards the ignorant practitioners of the new system, and concealed all feeling, if I had any, on the subject. What I knew of its philosophy and practice, I stated in such a way as to make them clearly comprehend me. I gave them a discriminating light for themselves—I put it in their power to make up their own minds on the subject. The consequence was, I had but few families into which Thomsonianism found its way. In one of these, the result was beneficial—in two others, it was attended with the worst consequences, all dependent upon the physical condition of the patients. Where benefit was experienced, a strong constitution had been laboring for years,

under a complication of diseases that rendered the whole physical system torpid, but had not yet encroached upon the vital region. The powerful sweats and sudden revulsions of the "Thomsonian course," seemed to change the old habits of body, and give the heart and lungs a new power by which they could finally and fully overcome the enemy that had long intrenched himself in their outposts.

One of the other cases gave me great pain. I had been attending the family of a gentleman of much intelligence and great moral worth, named Clarke, for a number of years. He had married into a very estimable family, and his wife was a woman of sweet temper—but by this marriage he had entailed upon his offspring a disease of the most fatal kind. Under this disease, the loved and esteemed mother of his children died just as her eldest daughter attained the age of seventeen. I need hardly mention her disease—consumption.

The oldest daughter, named Mira, was a tall, delicate creature, with bright blue eyes and fair complexion. Her chest was very narrow, and I observed, ere she had attained her full stature, that she was inclined to stoop a little and throw her shoulders forward. I mentioned this to her father, who tried his best to get her to correct the fault, but was unsuccessful.

Like too many, with constitutions as fragile, Mira Clarke could not be made sensible of the vital necessity there was for being extremely careful of her health. She had a fine flow of spirits, was fond of company, and had no warning indications, in her own feelings, of the danger that lurked in her path. She could not be made to believe that her constitution was delicate, and that her life would only be preserved for a few years by the most judicious care. The loss of her mother, just when she was most needed in her family, fell heavily upon the heart of Mr. Clarke. Her estimable qualities as a wife, and the tenderness with which she had ever manifested the deep love she bore her husband, doubled the loss to him. One hope sustained him—it was that Mira would fill a mother's place to his younger children. Well might his heart sink in his bosom, when he saw her disregardful of her health to a degree that he knew must endanger her life.

"She has no constitution, Doctor," said he to me one day, (the conversation had turned upon Mira,) and I look all the while for symptoms of decline. If I could make her feel her danger, I might hope; but she does not and will not believe in danger. 'Father is so afraid,' she will say to others, 'lest the very air I breathe is going to make me sick.' If I sit by an open

window, he objects—if I go out in the evening, to a party or place of amusement, he looks so grave that all my pleasure is destroyed.' To know that she views, in this light, all my anxious solicitude on her account, grieves me. Ah! Doctor, this matter troubles me all the while."

"Her constitution is delicate," I replied, "as I have before said, and I think it very important indeed, that she should pay the strictest regard to her health. Sudden transitions from hot crowded rooms into the open air—more especially the night air—should be particularly avoided."

"That, I am satisfied, is indispensable," said the father, "but, unless I make a positive interdiction, Mira will subject herself to all the consequences we so much apprehend. Next week the May ball takes place. Great preparations are making for it. Mira talks about little else, while I am nervously anxious on the subject. We have had a late Spring, and the air, especially at night, is yet damp and cold. She will get overheated in the ball room, and certainly take cold in passing from it, even to the carriage. Sometimes I feel inclined positively to forbid her attendance. But I do not like to do that."

"I would not advise your doing so. This would seem arbitrary, and might be attended with bad consequences. If Mira will be careful of herself, and not leave the ball-room suddenly, too thinly clad, I do not think there will be any danger. You intend going?"

"Not from inclination, but to watch over my daughter."

"You can, in this case, yourself provide against the exposure you fear," I replied.—"Only be careful, and you need apprehend no unfavorable results."

Unfortunately, it happened that the first of May was cold and rainy. The wind came all day from the north-east, causing the thermometer to fall many degrees lower than it had ranged for two weeks. Mr. Clarke made an effort to dissuade Mira from going to the ball, but she had set her heart so upon it, that the very first essay brought tears to her eyes.

"I'll wrap myself up very warm, father, and put on my overshoes, so that my feet may not experience the least dampness in getting from the carriage," she said in reply.

The appearance and manner of Mira, more than her words, caused Mr. Clarke to waive all further objections. She went to the ball, and enjoyed it extravagantly.

Before I had left my office on the following morning, Mr. Clarke came in, looking very serious.

"I want you to step around to my house during the morning," said he, in a grave voice. "Who is sick?" I asked, with some misgivings about the ball.

"It is just as I feared, Doctor," was his reply. "Mira has taken cold, and cannot speak above her breath this morning."

"How in the world did that happen?"

"In a very natural way. The rooms were crowded to suffocation, and, of course, in leaving them, the change of temperature was very great and fatal to a delicate frame, from its humidity. As if this ball was fated to be her death, some one carried off her overshoes. In stepping to the carriage, with nothing on her feet but satin slippers, they necessarily became wet. I knew nothing of this until I reached home."

"I will call around immediately," I replied to this. I did not venture to say more, lest the real anxiety I felt would betray itself too much.

On calling at the house of Mr. Clarke, I found Mira, as her father had said, not able to speak above a whisper. Her face was pale, her brows contracted, and her eyes languid. Her pulse was quick and very uneven, and her chest labored in breathing. These symptoms, as ordinarily met with, gave me little concern; a few days' treatment usually proved sufficient to remove them. But where there existed, in a high degree, a predisposition to pneumonia, as was the case here, I did not feel at all sanguine as to my ability to arrest inflammation before it passed from the bronchial to the pulmonary region. But, in order to make as quick an impression as possible, I ordered ten leeches to be applied to the trachea. After the removal of as much blood by this means as I deemed requisite to subdue, to some extent, the local irritation, I directed that the patient should be kept warm, and have an occasional mucilaginous draught.

In the afternoon, I found her better. On the next day, the indications of improvement were more clearly seen. Much of the hoarseness was gone. From that time she continued to improve, but not altogether to my satisfaction. I had not succeeded in preventing inflammation from extending to the lungs, although it was greatly subdued before it had a chance of attacking them. But once there, it seemed almost impossible to dislodge it. There was no cough; but other symptoms, which I could not mistake, convinced me that a dangerous foe had found a lodgement in the bosom of my fair young patient.

From that time, Mira Clarke never knew what it was to have a day of perfect health. The progress of disease was slow, but it gradually

took the form of chronic pneumonia. I was called in after the lapse of three months from the time of her recovery from the cold taken at the May ball. Her symptoms then were occasional slight fevers, augmented by the least exercise; she complained of an unpleasant dryness in the palms of her hands towards evening—her cheeks were unnaturally red—she had a slight pain in her back, that occasionally changed its place and affected her chest—frequent headache—fainting fits—and extreme prostration of strength.

In a very short time supervened still more discouraging symptoms—such as a slight irritation of the larynx, cough more or less violent, hoarseness, a feeling of weight and constriction in the chest, particularly after motion, accelerated respiration, a sense of suffocation after walking rapidly or ascending stairs. By November, a melancholy change had taken place. No further doubt remained in the mind of the unhappy father, that Mira was following her mother to the grave with rapid steps.

In very many cases, after the disease, commonly known as consumption, has progressed to a certain stage, the patient becomes peevish and irritable. It was very different with Mira Clarke. As she gradually declined, her spirit acquired a gentler and sweeter tone. She was patient under all her suffering, and never murmured at the privations she was compelled to endure. That she was steadily going down to the dark and gloomy grave, she did not for a moment dream. She had seen many persons, in ill health, live on year after year, and sometimes regain their vigor; and she looked confidently for the same result in her own case.

As there was no appearance of this hoped-for improvement, and as I was unable to do more than palliate the symptoms of her disease, and thus render her life less burthensome, both herself and father began to listen to the various stories that were constantly reaching their ears about how this and that person, much worse than she was, had been entirely cured of a disease exactly similar. Newspaper advertisements of "Pectoral Syrups," and one quackery or another, were conned over eagerly, and my opinion asked as to the chances of cure, if they were tried. When I considered the nostrum harmless, I never objected to its use.

An old aunt of Mr. Clarke, was a great Thomsonian, and she was forever dinnit into the ears of Mira, that if she would submit to a "course of medicine," she would certainly be cured. The father always scouted at this, but hope failing him, he began to listen to the old lady's history of the many people who had been

rescued from death's door by "lobelia" and "number six." In an evil hour, and without consulting me, he consented to put his daughter into the hands of a shoemaker who had attached "Doctor" to his name, without ever having seen the inside of a medical college, by him to be subjected to a course of treatment in her case the most fatal.

Let it be understood, that hepatisation of the lungs had proceeded to an alarming extent, and that I had been using every means in my power to keep my patient as free from all excitement, either bodily or mental, as possible. So susceptible of physical disturbance was she, that even a walk across the floor would accelerate her pulse at least twenty beats in a minute. Bearing this in mind, the consequence of a "Thomsonian course" can easily be understood by those who know anything about such "courses." Already was the young girl's frame so shattered, that it required the most careful and judicious treatment from a physician who thoroughly understood her case, to keep off, even for a few months, the approach of death.

Under this aspect of the case, the new treatment began, and was continued for four days, at the end of which time I was summoned to attend her. On the first day, enormous doses of lobelia were administered, while the patient was undergoing a most vigorous sweating operation—the effect of the lobelia was to cause her to throw from her stomach large quantities of matter, termed by her new Doctor "canker," and which was pronounced to be the cause of her ailment. This "canker" was described to be of a dark color, thick and "ropy," and was lifted by the "Doctor," on a stick, from the basin, and held up in strings a foot long. This "canker," it was alleged, had collected upon the walls of the stomach, and remained there for a long time, thus deranging the operations of that important organ, and affecting the whole system. The idea that Mira's lungs were at all diseased, was laughed at. (I had carefully examined her lungs, more than once, and found that, over many points, the cylinder transmitted no murmur of respiration!) After the sweating operation had continued as long as was thought desirable, and while the perspiration stood in large beads over her whole body, a bucket full of cold water, just from the pump, was dashed over her, and then she was wrapped in dry blankets, until the circulation was restored to the skin.

When the operation of vomiting and sweating was over, a bowl full of "composition" tea—hot as horse radish—was administered. A ravenous appetite followed, which the "Doctor" said

might be gratified to its full extent. Mira eat under this license, at a single meal, more than she had eaten for a week.

For a few hours after this murderous operation, Mira appeared better than she had been for a long time. But, during the night, an exhausting perspiration seized her, and continued until some hours after day light on the next morning, when she found herself weaker than before, and her nervous system fearfully shocked. The "Doctor" came again about ten o'clock, and, finding the condition she was in, administered what he called a "nerve powder," which had the effect to compose her. She was then taken through another course, similar to that of the preceding day, and another basin full of "canker" produced as a trophy of what had been achieved.

On the third day, another course was administered, and on the fourth morning I was sent for. Six courses, it was alleged by the "Doctor," would accomplish a radical cure. I have no doubt of that. She would have needed no more medicine. Before I entered Mira's chamber, and approached the bed upon which she lay, I did not dream of the dreadful change that had taken place since I last saw her. When my eyes rested upon her face, a thrill passed along every nerve. She was frightfully emaciated; her eyes had a pearly lustre; she was panting as if just on the verge of suffocation, and her brows were contracted from pain. Her father stood leaning over her, the picture of anguish and despair. Mira looked at me wishfully, and, though she did not speak, I could understand her mute appeal for relief. I asked my patient a few questions, and then motioned to Mr. Clarke that I wished to speak with him in another room.

"My dear sir! What has produced this dreadful change?" I said the moment we were alone.

Mr. Clarke looked confused. His eyes fell beneath my steady gaze. I was puzzled—what could all this mean?

"Your daughter is alarmingly ill. If you know the cause, tell me at once, that I may make some effort towards its counteraction."

After a slight hesitation all was confessed. I was shocked, grieved, and indignant.

"You have permitted a quack to murder your child!" I said, in the excitement of the moment. "I hoped more from your good sense, Mr. Clarke!"

My words created no resentment, but rather went to the father's heart like daggers.

Vain were all my attempts to undo the evil which had been done. I partially succeeded in tranquillising the disturbed vital system of my

patient, and only partially. The night-sweats I could not reach, and they more than undid all the efforts I made during the day. Death terminated this painful case in two weeks. I can never think of it without a feeling of indignation against all who wantonly presume to trifle with human life in their attempts to cure diseases, when they have not yet learned their A, B, C in anatomy, physiology and pathology.

The skilful "doctor," who had destroyed the life of my patient, did not hesitate to report among his friends and the abettors of his system, that if Mira Clarke had been left in his hands, he would have made a perfect cure of her; but, that I was called in and killed her in two weeks! This story was fully believed by many, and the aunt of Mira's father, if she were now living, would affirm to its truth on oath if required, so satisfied was she that I had caused the death of her niece.

Some years after Thompsonianism reached its culmination, Mesmerism began to make curative pretensions, and Homoeopathy came forward from its obscurity with an array of facts and philosophy that failed not to arrest the attention of every medical man who had independence enough to think for himself. Of Homoeopathy I may speak more freely hereafter; I will merely remark here, that spite of all the ill-nature, ridicule, and misrepresentation, this reform has met with from the profession, it has done more good than any new movement in medicine that has taken place in the last fifty years. Apart from its own intrinsic merits, whatever they may be, its effect has been to modify the old mode of treatment, and cause the administration of much smaller quantities of medicine than heretofore given. As to its merits as a system, ten years of careful observation and examination have satisfied me, that Homoeopathy is not a problem of such easy solution as many suppose. The little dogs of the profession have barked away fiercely enough at the new science, and the wits who linger about the vestibule of the Esculapian Temple, have striven hard to overwhelm it with ridicule; but, while these have been amusing the hood-winked and unthinking portion of the community, grave and thoughtful men, whose standing, intelligence and profound knowledge of science, are undoubted, have been devoting themselves with untiring assiduity to the investigation of this problem. The report they bring demands serious consideration—the people, who are most interested, will, and are considering this report, and wherever the truth lies will it ultimately be found. But enough for the present. I had another matter in my mind when I began to

write, which was to say something on the subject of Mesmerism. As this matter was constantly pushing itself in my way, I could not help looking at it with some attention. I was among the first to admit many of the leading facts upon which it demanded credence; but, from the first, I had a deep internal repugnance to the thing, which not only remains to this day, but has increased with time and a more careful observation of the Mesmeric phenomena. I believe it to be evil in its origin and effects, and that both he who uses it, and he who submits to its use, are in great danger. I have a fact that bears upon this subject. It made a strong impression upon my mind when I heard it. It is this:

Like many of his modern disciples, Mesmer had a subject upon whom he would operate, and by whom he would exhibit the phenomena of animal magnetism, as it is called. The subject, a young man of pure mind and conscientious principles, dreaming not of the nature and quality of the influence under which he was to come, submitted himself freely to the powerful sphere of Mesmer, and came entirely under his control. At first it took a long time and labored manipulations to destroy the young man's individual consciousness. This difficulty gradually disappeared. The oftener the operation was repeated, the more easily was the work done. Finally, the subject became so "impressible," that a steady look from Meamer destroyed his self-control, and made him a passive subject! In time, the influence became still stronger; the simple operation of Meamer's will, without even a look, effected all that was desired. This state of things had continued for some time, when the young man began to feel anxious upon the subject. He was no longer free—he was bound to another by a strong, mysterious tie, and moved by another at will. This, he reflected, could not be right. The will of man, he reasoned, justly, is never touched by his Creator, and therefore it cannot be right for a man to interfere with it. This simple proposition, when he looked at it deliberately, satisfied him that Meamer's power over him was an infernal and not a heavenly power, and he resolved that he would resist it with all his might. Accordingly, when the next attempt was made to control his will, he opposed a strong effort to maintain his consciousness, but he strove in vain. A look brought him to the feet of his master, a passive and even willing slave—for, while Mesmer was endeavoring to operate upon him, and he was drawn towards him, and within the vortex of his sphere, he experienced sensations that made the state of non-individuality pleasant. When,

however, he was away from Mesmer, and his rational mind became active, he was distressed beyond measure.

This state continued for some time, he making many resolutions to break away from the thrall-dom in which he was held, but being drawn back into it more deeply at each feebly-made effort to escape. At last, after having tried various expedients without the least success, he resolved that, when Mesmer again attempted to operate upon him, he would repeat the Lord's Prayer, and fix his mind intently upon it. "If," said he to himself, "the influence be good, the words of this holy prayer cannot disturb it; but, if it be bad, it cannot endure their presence in my mind." To his great joy, while he thought of the Lord's Prayer, he was a free man; and he resolved to be free from that time henceforth and forever. He at once separated himself from Mesmer, and afterwards became a minister of eminence and deep piety.

I have the best reasons for putting full faith in this relation. It came to me in a way that left little room for doubt. It may be said that had the young man fixed his mind intently upon any subject, the effect would have been the same. I will merely answer, that this is what he had done over and over again, and that only the Lord's Prayer was strong enough to protect him. I give the fact, and leave every one to make his own inference. My mind is clear on the subject.

I witnessed, at various times, many exhibitions of Mesmerism, some of which were very curious. The most remarkable of these was one that involved what is termed Phreno-Mesmerism. I will not speak of this, however, at this time.

I had a professional friend to whom I was much attached. We had taken honors at the same college, graduated at the same medical school, and commenced the practice of medicine in Baltimore at the same time. This friend, Doctor M., (he has been dead some years,) became an early convert to animal magnetism, and commenced operative experiments as soon as he could find a subject. I always objected to his doing so, on the ground that he was meddling with something he did not understand, and might do harm. He laughed at my scruples, and pursued his own course. He had a sister of delicate frame and excitable nerves. After a long time, he succeeded in prevailing upon her to let him try to put her asleep. The trial proved completely successful. Miss M.—was thrown fully into the Mesmeric state.

On the day succeeding its occurrence, all the incidents attendant upon the experiment were

minutely related to me by Doctor M.— I was shocked, and asked him, gravely, how he could subject his sister to such an experiment, when he knew nothing of its ultimate effect upon one of such a high nervous temperament?

"There is no danger," he replied, carelessly.

"How do you know?" was my serious interrogation.

"I know well enough. What is the danger?"

"I cannot tell; but all disorderly courses of action must produce evil results."

"Then you call this disorderly?"

"I see that it is at variance with the very first law of order in the moral world."

"What law is that?"

"The law that preserves man's will inviolate."

"I don't see that this law is outraged."

"You don't? Think for a moment. You say that you could *will* your sister to do almost anything you pleased."

"Yes; so I could."

"Then your will was substituted for hers. You, in fact, *possessed* her."

"That is your inference."

"But, doctor, is not the inference clear from the facts?"

"Not to my mind."

"Surely, it must be. Reflect closely upon the subject. By the mere effort of your will, accompanied with sundry passes, you destroy your sister's consciousness, and bring her under the control of your own mind. What you think she thinks—you will her to lift her hand, move her head, or even speak, and she does so. Her body is subject to your volitions."

"I know all that, but cannot admit that her freedom of will is at all impaired."

"What, then, do you admit?"

"I do not admit anything, for I do not yet understand enough of the matter to be able to determine the origin of or the laws that govern this extraordinary psychological phenomenon."

"And yet you are willing to step upon uncertain ground, and lead along the doubtful path you are walking one who, of all others, you should shield from even the very shadow that falls from the wing of danger. Depend upon it, doctor, you are wrong. You know not what changes may be produced in the spiritual constitution of your sister, nor how melancholy may be the final result of your experiments."

"You are very serious about the matter," he replied, carelessly, "but I am not at all concerned. I cannot conceive how there can be any ultimate *evil* consequences such as you dread."

"The very fact that you do not understand

the cause nor tendency of the singular facts exhibited by this new science, as it is called, ought to be sufficient to make you hold back. Let others, if they will, experiment; you can collate the facts they develop, and arrive at the conclusions you seek from them."

"Somebody must investigate this subject; why not I? If every one were to reason as you do, we should never get any light thrown upon this matter."

"Better remain in ignorance than receive positive injury. The world has jogged along without animal magnetism, and can continue to do so, if necessary."

But it was no use for me to talk to Doctor M——. His temperament was ardent, and when he was once fairly on the track of anything, it was almost impossible to throw him off. At his earnest solicitation, I, some time afterwards, went to his house to witness some of his experiments. When Ernestine, his sister, came in to submit herself to his operations, I thought she seemed very reluctant to do so. There was no interest in her manner, at least. She seated herself in a chair, and the manipulations began. In about three minutes I noticed a succession of slight but very unpleasant muscular contractions running about her lips, and occasionally extending upward towards the cheek; her eyes closed, and her head sunk upon her bosom.

"Now feel her pulse," said Doctor M——, lifting the hand of his sister and placing it in mine. I had examined its condition before the experiment began. "Do you perceive any difference?"

"O, yes," I replied, "the pulsations are more rapid than before; is that always the case?"

"Always—at least it has been so with Ernestine. Do you perceive any other change?"

"Her hand is cold, and the muscles of the wrist and arm rigid."

"Bend her arm."

I made a slight effort to do so, but found the rigidity too great. Doctor M——, seeing that I was satisfied as to the fact of his sister's being in an unnatural state, proceeded to exhibit the various phenomena common in such cases, and with which most readers are so familiar that a repetition of them here would be useless. During the whole exhibition, my feelings were unpleasantly affected. The expression of Ernestine's face was so unnatural and distressed that I could not look upon it. It caused an inward shudder.

After she had been awakened by a few reverse passes, she appeared like a person arousing from a pleasant sleep. She looked into our

faces without any exhibition of surprise or consciousness of what was passing. Her brother asked her a number of questions touching the sensations she had experienced, to which she gave vague and indifferent answers.

"What do you expect to gain by all this?" I asked, after the young lady had withdrawn from the room.

"Some knowledge of the laws governing these wonderful phenomena," Doctor M—— replied.

"For what good purpose?"

"I cannot tell what remarkable results will be developed. Something must come of it."

"Do you expect to use this power as a remedial agent?"

"As a physician I have that in view; and as a man of science, I look still further."

"Do you believe that it possesses any power to cure diseases?"

"I believe that it does."

"Have you seen anything yourself that satisfies you of this, or is your belief founded upon the assertions of others?"

"Upon both."

"What have you seen yourself?"

"I have seen that the health of my sister has gradually improved since I commenced mesmerising her; not only her general health, but she has been relieved from local and specific affections."

"Are you sure of this?"

"Very sure. Twice, when I commenced operating upon her, she was suffering from a maddening toothache. Long before she sunk into unconsciousness the pain had subsided, and it did not return again after she had come out of the magnetic sleep. I have relieved her from headache by only a few passes over the spot affected."

"I shall call you a pow-wow-er," I said laughing.

"And, maybe, with some truth," was his answer.

"You surely don't believe in that mummery?" I spoke in a tone of contempt.

"Like you and almost every other sensible man, I have, until now, believed that the "pow-wow-er" was an arrant impostor, and that he merely acted upon the imagination of the person he pretended to relieve from pain. And, by the way, this power of imagination is a very convenient method the profession have of explaining all cases of alleged relief which are not brought about just in the way they understand and approve. I have done my own share in attributing cures to this agent, but although I satisfied some others, I could never fully satisfy

my own mind on the subject, nor chain this wonderful accessory to my car. I never yet saw a case of positive pain cured by imagination, and don't believe anybody else ever did. It is a little singular that this power acts altogether out of the regular profession. Did you ever think of that, Doctor? If we cure, it is the result of our skill; but if cures are made in a way that we do not approve, or by an agency we do not comprehend, it is all imagination."

"But, surely, you cannot believe in the ability to relieve pain that is attributed to these ignorant pretenders?"

"When we have strong and repeated testimony on a subject, no matter what our preconceived notions may have been, it behoves us, as sensible men, to inquire into the causes of the alleged effects, rather than, by a sweeping denial of them, to stop all investigation on the very threshold."

"But, Doctor, when anything so absurd as Indian pow-wow-ing, is alleged to possess a curative virtue, I don't see what is left but a simple denial that it can have any."

"And so it has been met by physicians for a series of years, and still these persons are resorted to, and those who seek them say that they are relieved from pain."

"Or imagine they are."

"Don't bring in imagination, Doctor. I have already told you that I was sceptical on this subject,"

"What possible power can they wield?"

"The very power, Doctor," he replied, "that I wield, when I cure Ernestine's headache by a few passes of my hand over her head. The laws of human magnetism are yet involved in doubt; and obscurity, as you well know. But, that each person possesses some peculiarity in the quality and quantity of his magnetism, I believe; and I am also inclined to believe, that the disturbance of the magnetic equilibrium has much to do with the disease to which we are subjected. If this be so, a restoration to equilibrium will be equivalent to a cure."

There was matter for reflection in what Doctor M—— advanced, and it took hold of my mind.

"There is some truth here," I said; "but in the search for it, it will be necessary to tread upon dangerous, if not forbidden ground."

"I have no fears. I desire no better evidence than it is orderly to make use of the means under consideration, than the fact that it will effect the health beneficially."

"But do you not think it possible that the ultimate effects may be of the worst kind?"

"How can they be?"

"You admit that your sister becomes more and more susceptible every day. That you can produce a state of quiescence in half the time that you could at first?"

"But what of that, Doctor?"

"Is it not possible, that her rational freedom may be destroyed by so repeatedly coming into your consciousness instead of her own?"

"I do not see how it can!"

"I am afraid, Doctor," I said seriously; "that you have never weighed this subject in the balance of a pure spiritual philosophy that regards man as a free agent, and responsible to his Maker. If you had, I believe you would see more force than you do in the principal objection I have made to the practice of Mesmerism."

"Perhaps I would. Let me understand you more fully."

I regard man as having been created in a state of absolute freedom; without this, he never could have been a likeness and image of his Creator. He abused this freedom, and then came a gradual declension, until he arrived at a point in which his freedom, which still remained, was about to be destroyed. Had this taken place, he would have ceased to be a man, and ceased, of course, to exist—for he could only exist as a man. But, in order to restore the equilibrium which was well nigh lost, the Lord who had made him, drew near to him and became present to him, even to his bodily eyes, in a material form, and fought with and subdued his deadliest spiritual enemies. From that time man has been gradually rising from the low estate into which he had fallen, and rising by a *free* choice, from rational grounds, of good instead of evil. In the whole process of Redemption, there was the most perfect provision for the holding of man's will inviolate; for it was by and through his will that he was a man. Touch that, and he ceases to be a man—you destroy him.

"We still hold a low spiritual position—we are rising by an almost imperceptible motion, and do not seem to change our places for a long series of years. But still we are rising—the world is growing better. Now the state of every one, hereafter, will be determined by what he does here in a state of the most perfect freedom. If anything is done by which his freedom is impaired, so long as that defect remains, there is no progress—man remains just where he was. This is the point to which I wish to call your particular attention; and I think you must admit, that anything which will in the least interfere with another's volition, is a direful evil; for it will affect him forever."

"That I can readily admit," replied Doctor

M——. "But how does this bear upon animal magnetism?"

"Most directly. We will return to your sister, by way of clearer illustration. We will consider her as held, by her Creator, in a state of perfect freedom, to choose good or evil, and assume that she has been, since she attained a rational age, steadily resisting all the evil tendencies of depraved human nature, and, as a consequence, gradually acquiring a true spiritual power. As she steadily advances, her perceptions become clearer; her mind more evenly balanced; the decision of her will in favor of good more promptly made. We will suppose this to be her state, when you, in the investigation of phenomena, whose origin and tendencies are alike shrouded in doubt and mystery, venture to disturb her state of freedom—to de-throne her rational mind, and make her the subject of your volitions. Do you suppose it possible for you to do this without deep spiritual injury? I am sure you cannot. As a man, as a brother, let me beg of you to pause, and weigh the matter long and well before you advance another step. If you proceed, you may regret what you have done, when regret will be unavoidable."

Either my manner or words made some impression on the mind of Doctor M——.

"You treat the matter with great seriousness," he said—"more than I think it deserves."

"No, depend upon it, I do not, Doctor. I look upon animal magnetism as nothing more nor less than the *possession* of one man by another. We read of persons *possessed* with devils; but no where of any one being *possessed* with angels: and for the best of reasons—evil spirits delight in all disorders, and seek the entire destruction of man's freedom. But angels delight in order, and seek to hold men in freedom."

It was many weeks after this conversation, before Doctor M—— said anything to me on the subject of Mesmerism. I hoped that he had, at least, abandoned its investigation through his sister as a subject. But in this I was mistaken. He continued to operate upon her almost daily; this I learned from other members of the profession, with whom he conversed on the subject, and to whom he related many wonderful things; among these, was the announcement that he had thrown Ernestine repeatedly into a state of *clairvoyance*, in which she could not only describe places where she had never been, but also various things in the human body which she had never seen, (she had no anatomical knowledge,) such as the heart, lungs, and other viscera.

Very few to whom he related these things

believed them possible, and nearly all censured him for exposing his sister to experiments of such very doubtful tendency. But he seemed possessed of Mesmeric spirits, for he could think of little else and talk of little else besides Mesmerism, and he kept on his way, devoting every spare moment to investigation and experiment.

"I want you to come to my house to-morrow evening," he said to me one day. "I will show you something that will surprise you beyond measure. Doctor P—— and L—— and S—— and D——, and a dozen other professional and scientific men are to be there."

"More animal magnetism, I suppose?"

"Come, and you will see. May I expect you?"

"If nothing prevents, I will drop in during the evening."

"Come early—by eight o'clock, at latest."

I promised to be there. When the evening came, I stepped round to the Doctor's house; I found as many as twenty gentlemen of intelligence assembled in his parlors; several of them physicians. After we had conversed for half an hour upon the current topics of the day, Doctor M—— retired from the rooms, and in a few minutes returned with his sister. She was introduced, and then took a seat opposite to where we were all sitting, in the glare of a strong light. She was considerably changed since I had seen her last; but I was rather puzzled to make out the exact nature of the change. I did not like the expression of her face; it had not the soft, sweet feminine beauty that it had always worn in my eyes. There was no confusion in her manner when she came in, nor any appearance of shrinking from the exhibition that was about to take place—unnatural as it must necessarily be. To me, she seemed passive in her brother's hands—a willing slave. I may have felt strongly, but so it appeared to me.

A few passes were made by Doctor M——, and in less than half a minute Ernestine was asleep. All kinds of experiments were tried by the sceptical portion of the company, in order to confirm their belief that the state into which she had been thrown by her brother was one assumed by herself, and that she was perfectly conscious of all that was transpiring around her. The majority admitted the state to be an unnatural one; but from a few no such admission could be obtained. They looked on, surprised, but doubted the evidence of their own senses. In turn, most of them tried experiments and asked questions, the results of which were of a very puzzling nature, unless where there was some kind of affirmation in the mind of the observer. The condition of *clairvoyance* seemed to be fully entered into by the patient, in which

state she exhibited the various phenomena ascribed to it.

"Now, gentlemen," said Doctor M——, after he had kept Ernestine in this condition for half an hour, and the most sceptical had given up all efforts to disturb the state of deep unconsciousness into which she had been thrown—"I have some things, still more curious, to show. Some of you believe in phrenology, and some of you do not—while others hold their minds in a balanced state. For the sake of making more fully apprehensible what I am about to exhibit, I would like all, for the time being, to admit the facts of this science. I have already obtained results absolutely confounding to myself, especially as I have been a staunch opponent of phrenology. I will now place my finger upon an organ, so called, without naming it; any gentleman familiar with the mapping of the head will recognize it; those who do not, will remain but a short time in doubt."

Doctor M—— then laid the point of his finger on the forehead, a little to the right of one of the patient's eyes. In about five seconds, there were two or three sudden twitchings of the whole body, and then the young lady's countenance brightened, and she commenced certain motions with her hand, which I immediately recognized to be those used in playing the piano-forte. In a little while she commenced singing a favorite air, and sung the words of the song to which it was set more than half through, in a clear, sweet voice, when she suddenly stopped, and sunk back in her chair, her head dropping heavily upon her bosom.

"Astonishing!" broke from the lips of some—others were mute with surprise—while others doubted.

"She knows all the organs as well as he does," whispered a person near me, to another, "and when he touches a particular one, understands exactly what to do."

"But why should they attempt to deceive us?" was objected. "They can have no motive for doing so. I believe Doctor M—— to be above such an act. He has already stated that he is but an experimenter, surprised at every step of his progress. If we are deceived, he is."

"I can believe in nothing else but deception. These things cannot be real," replied the objector. "I cannot bring myself to think that Doctor M—— would practice a hoax like this: but that sister of his must be a cunning gipsy, and possess great control of herself, to act her part so well."

"You do her great injustice," returned the friend. "I have known her intimately for years, and know her to be as incapable of lending her-

self to anything that would deceive, as she would be of committing the greatest crime."

"Well, it may be; but I have my doubts."

"Rather say you are puzzled."

"Have it so, then. Heaven knows I am puzzled! This passes all belief. I shall begin to think all the laws of nature are about being reversed."

Further conversation was checked by Doctor M——, who asked the attention of the company while he excited another organ. He then placed his finger a little above the organ at the corner of the forehead, and waited a few moments.—The twitchings I had noticed before were repeated once or twice; then the whole face of the subject was lit up, and a merry laugh rang along the ceiling; it was so free and mirth-inspiring, that it was answered by every voice in the room.

"Why, what is the matter, sis?" said Doctor M——.

"Oh! dear! ha! ha! ha!"

"What is it?"

"See! ha! ha! Did you ever see such a figure in your life?"

"What are you laughing at? I don't see anything so very amusing."

"Anna S—— has on a crimson tunic over a sky blue dress, with orange colored ribbon on her bonnet, and pink slippers—ha! ha! ha! What a figure!"

"Is that all? You are very merry about it, sis!"

"Look! ha! ha! ha! There's Caroline P——."

But before she could finish the sentence, her voice became indistinct, she dropped back in her chair, and her features and body all sunk into repose.

In this way, organ after organ was excited, and in every case the phenomena exhibited were strongly marked, and not to be mistaken in their character. The most curious results were those which followed the compound excitement of two or three organs at the same time. For instance, Language, Mirthfulness, and Veneration were all called into activity at the same time. Ernestine imagined herself in a Sabbath School, giving instructions to children on religious subjects—the manner in which this was done, was ludicrous beyond conception. The most serious and solemn injunctions were wound up by some quaint conclusion that set the whole room into a roar of laughter—as "My dear little children, you must take good heed to your ways; you must repent of all your evil doings, or you are all gone goslings! You mustn't think that you can do just as you please."

in this world, and never be called to an account for it—Oh no! If you do, you will find yourselves mighty deceived—depend upon it, you will be hauled over the coals at last—and no mistake! So let me caution you in time, my little dears, for if you get into the clutches of old claw-foot, he'll roast you alive for his supper. Ah! Sally Wilford (lifting her finger, and assuming a mock-serious face,) put back your bonnet on the rack; it's a very pretty one I know, and as gay with ribbons as a flower bed. But it's all very bad, my child—very bad—(shaking her head,)—Grace Jones! what was that you were saying just now? Ah! you little rogue, I'm afraid you'll go to destruction as fast as Bill Parson's sled down hill in an icy December morning! I've been looking at you—I've been ——"

Here the excitement died away, and all was quiet again. I have given but a poor specimen of what she said under this strange hallucination—the best I can now remember.

"It is pretty well known, I believe," Doctor M—— said, after having shown the effects of various compound excitements of the phrenological organs, "that I have never been a disciple of Gall and Spurzheim, although ready to honor those eminent men for their devotion to science. The facts that have come under my notice since I commenced these strange experiments, have somewhat staggered me; and if I were a phrenologist, I think I should make some valuable additions to the present stock of knowledge. I have, in fact, discovered the location of several new organs. Here is one."

And he placed his fingers near the zygomatic bone. The effect of this was to produce motions very much resembling those of a swimmer.

"This organ I call aquativeness," the Doctor said, smiling. "See! she is swimming with all her might. The first time I excited it, the result was as you see it, and the same result has uniformly followed. I did not remember that the brain lay so low in the skull, but on examination, I found a depression there in the bony substance, similar to this—he lifted from the table the head of a duck, and pointed to its deep downward swell just below the eyes)—and you will see (showing a human skull) how, just at that point, the brain dips down and lies, similarly, in a kind of basin."

In this way we were amused, interested, and astonished for the space of an hour and a half. If it was all acting on the part of Miss M——, all I have to say is, that such perfect acting I have never seen on any stage; nor do I believe any body else has—not even in the best actor, when he or she was taking a leading part.

There were thirty or forty different characters assumed, one following the other in quick succession, and all like life. I was utterly confounded.

A few reverse passes were made, and the magnetic influence entirely thrown off. Ernestine opened her eyes, and looked around upon us like one who had just wakened from sleep. She had been, during the course of the experiment, fearfully excited under the influence of some of the darker passions of our nature, and had gone through enough, had it been in real life—or had she even been conscious, and, by a strong effort, worked her mind up to a high pitch of excitement—to have produced, in one as delicate as she was, great physical prostration. But nothing of this appeared. She awoke as calm as an infant arising from slumber; the only change being the heightened color of her cheeks. Many questions were asked of her, the answers to which satisfied me of two things; one was, that she was not deceiving us, and the other was, that the effect upon her was bad. I could not clearly make out the change she was undergoing, but change there certainly was, and that not of the right kind.

Among those present, was a young physician, who, it was said, was paying attention to Ernestine. I often glanced towards him during the progress of the experiments, to see their effects upon him. He was, evidently, not pleased. While others were convulsed with laughter, he sat with a grave face, and slightly contracted brow. He did not press forward as many did, to make curious inquiries of Miss M——, after she was restored to herself again, but affected to be examining the pictures that hung upon the wall, though I do not think he saw them. In walking away from the house of Doctor M——, I found myself by the side of this young physician.

"Well, Doctor," said I, "What do you think of all this?"

"I don't like it," he replied.

"Why not?" I asked.

"My reasons are not altogether clear to myself—but I see enough to satisfy me, that there is not much good in this thing, at least under its present forms of exhibition."

"Precisely my own view."

"I am glad you agree with me," said the young man, with some warmth in his manner.

"Is there not a change of some kind in Miss M——," I inquired, "since she has permitted herself to be made a subject in her brother's experiments?"

"Either there is, or I imagine so—I am hardly yet able to decide which."

"Have you been able to comprehend the nature of this change?" I asked.

"Not clearly; but it appears to me that her mind does not act with its usual freedom, nor discriminate as accurately as it once did. I may be mistaken in this, but there certainly is some change, either in her or me."

"In her, no doubt," I was about saying, but checked myself on recollecting the intimacy said to exist between my companion and Miss M.

"Have you witnessed any of the previous experiments of Doctor M—— with his sister?" I asked.

Yes; several. I have seen her suddenly paralyzed by laying a half dollar on her head, which her brother said he had magnetized. And worse than that, I have seen her magnetized while sitting at the piano, by a simple effort of her brother's will, and she all the while unaware that he was attempting any influence over her. Is it not horrible, Doctor? It makes me shudder when I think of it. *Such power, in the hands of any man, is from hell!* I say so unhesitatingly."

"Just what I have told Doctor M——, though in softer language."

"Did you say that to him? I am glad of it! The Doctor is a very good sort of a man, but he is meddling with a power by which he may do his sister an irreparable injury."

"You are quite intimate with Miss M——, I believe?"

"Yes—we have been friends for some time."

"Have you never conversed with her on this subject?"

"O, yes!—I have always spoken against animal magnetism, and tried to help her to think against it. At first, what I said, seemed to make an impression on her mind; but in a little while she would treat my objections lightly, and now declares that her brother would not do anything wrong."

"Does she converse as well as formerly?"

"No—she seems to have lost her interest in everything but this science, as it is called, and unless she is talking about it, sinks into a musing, dreamy state."

"Bad! bad!" I said, as we paused on a corner of the street, and then separated.

[CONCLUSION IN NEXT NUMBER.]

Too much leisure leads to expense; because when a man is in want of objects, it occurs to him that they are to be had for money; and he invents expenditures in order to pass the time.

PLEASANT VARIETIES.

Lessing, the celebrated German poet, was remarkable for a frequent absence of mind. Having missed money at different times without being able to discover who took it, he determined to put the honesty of his servant to the test, and left a handful of gold upon the table. "Of course you counted it," said one of his friends. "Counted it!" said Lessing, rather embarrassed, "No, I forgot that."

— "I am glad," said the Rev. Dr. Y., to the Chief of the Little Ottawas, "that you do not drink whiskey, but it grieves me to find that your people *use* so much of it." "Ah! yes," replied the chief, and he fixed a penetrating and expressive eye upon the doctor, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it, "we Indians *use* a great deal of whiskey, but we do not *make* it."

— It has been shrewdly observed, that those who go to law for damages, generally get them.

— The art of living easily as to money, is to pitch your scale of living one degree below your means. Comfort and enjoyment are more dependent upon easiness in the detail of expenditure than upon one degree's difference in the scale.

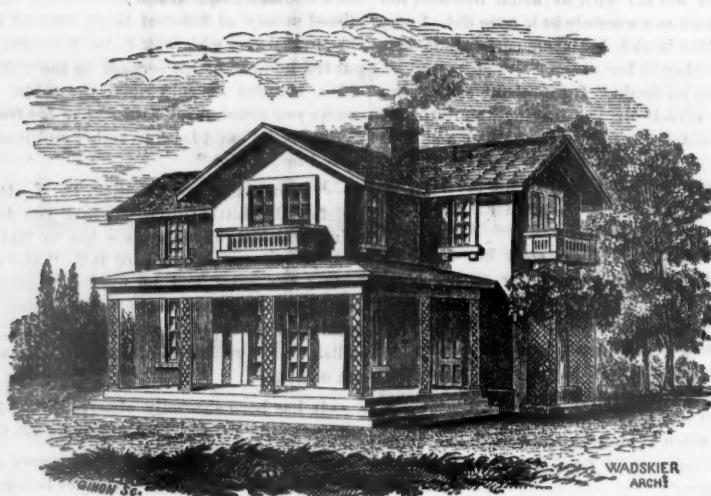
— M. De Balzac was lying awake in bed, when he saw a man enter his room cautiously, and attempt to pick the lock of his writing desk.—The rogue was not a little disconcerted at hearing a loud laugh from the occupant of the apartment, whom he supposed asleep. "Why do you laugh?" asked the thief. "I am laughing, my good fellow," said M. De Balzac, "to think what pains you are taking and what a risk you run, in hope of finding money by night in a desk where the lawful owner can never find any by day." The thief "evacuated Flanders" at once.

— **TAKING A SANDWICH.**—The London Punch says: "It appears that the Sandwich Islands have recently become annexed to America. The natives, no doubt, knew from conviction on which side their bread was buttered, and asked the United States if they would like to take a sandwich."

— A little girl about five years old, one day heard a preacher of the Chadband order praying most lustily, till the roof rang with the strength of his supplication. Turning to her mother and beckoning the maternal ear down to a speaking distance, she whispered, "Mother, don't you think that if he lived nearer to God he wouldn't have to talk so loud?"

COTTAGE AND VILLA ARCHITECTURE.

BY T. WADSKIER.



DESIGN FOR A COTTAGE IN THE ITALIAN STYLE.

A COTTAGE is of course understood to mean a dwelling of limited accommodations, intended for the occupation of a family of moderate size and means, either wholly managing the household cares itself, or with the assistance of at most of one or two domestics. It is, then, evident, that a cottage should be arranged with a different view, both as regards utility and style of beauty, from a villa; as the family which is satisfied by living in a comfortable and economical little dwelling has very different wants from the family of wealth, which occupies a villa, and which they often build as much for display as for the gratification of their own taste.

The highest principle, therefore, to be followed in the designing and building of a cottage, is to *arrange and construct* everything according to its utility, which, when done, will give it the true character of a cottage,—that of simplicity: a character most expressive of the tastes and wants of cottage life, and which ought, therefore, to pervade every portion of Cottage Architecture in arrangement, construction, and decoration.

As much taste and beauty as can be combined with the proper modesty and simplicity is truly delightful and admirable in a cottage; but everything beyond that is out of place.—Particularly should all kind of decoration and ornamental work that cannot be executed in an appropriate manner be avoided. The first object is utility, and next, beauty; and when the designer has satisfied the domestic wants, he may think upon their ornamentation, but without sacrificing the useful to the ornamental, as the latter should only be connected with and grow out of the former.

(72)

The above remarks on the principles which should govern in designing and building a cottage, we have endeavored to follow in making the composition here presented; and the architect flatters himself in believing that it may suggest some idea to those whose intention is to build a small and comfortable dwelling. Its predominant character is simplicity, both in its external and internal arrangement; and whatever it possesses of beauty, has resulted from those two cheapest and never-decaying elements of architecture—symmetry and proportion.

The plans of the upper and lower stories are so simple and easy to understand, as hardly to need any explanation. The vestibule is eleven by sixteen feet, and contains the staircase leading to the second story. This vestibule is rather large for a dwelling of this size; but it may be used as a room, in connexion with the parlor and living-room, by opening the two communicating doors. The parlor here is quite a spacious apartment for a cottage, being sixteen by twenty-two feet, and when fitted up in a tasty and simple manner, will make a very pleasant and comfortable room. The living-room is sixteen by sixteen feet,—a very appropriate size for a cottage of this class.

Between the living-room and kitchen is a small entry. This entry will be found of great use. It interrupts the passage of all sounds and odors from the kitchen, and forms also a very agreeable communication for the kitchen and living-room with the yard. There is a small porch, six by ten feet, on the outside of the entry, constructed of lattice-work, and which may be suitably decorated with vines. The kitchen is six-

teen feet square, with a good pantry connected, and supplied with an abundance of light and fresh air.

The veranda is eight feet in width, and forms a prominent feature in the design. The supports are formed of trellis-work—a construction which is both cheap and ornamental, and always indicative of cottage life. The little arbor, or covered seat, is constructed of trellis-work, and, covered with vines, would form a very handsome appendage to the gable, and conveys at the first glance an impression of refinement and taste.

The second story plan is divided into three chambers.

The height of the first story is ten feet, and the second eight feet, in the clear.

This cottage should be built of brick and stucco, with sixteen inches hollow walls; or with smooth brick, painted of some pleasing neutral tint.—The window-dressings, where dressed stone is scarce or costly, should be built of brick and stuccoed, except the sills, which should be of dressed stone. The balconies may be of wood, painted and sanded to harmonize with the walls. All the inside wood-work, except steps and floors, to be painted of a dark color, and grained to represent oak or walnut.

DIMENSIONS.

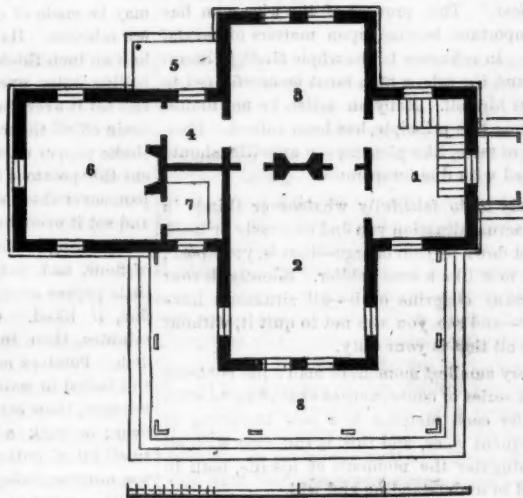
PRINCIPAL FLOOR.

FEET.

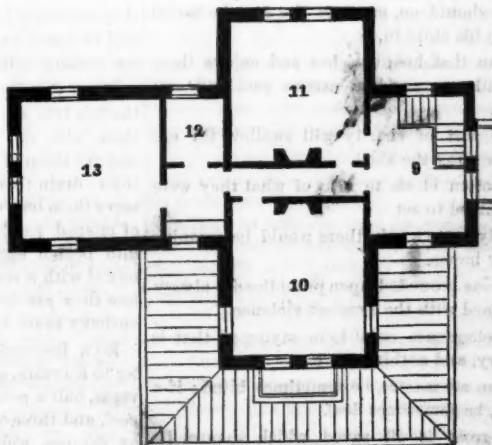
1. Vestibule, . . . 11 by 16
2. Parlor, . . . 16 by 22
3. Living-room, . . 16 by 16
4. Entry, . . . 7 by 7 $\frac{1}{2}$
5. Porch, . . . 6 by 10
6. Porch, . . . 16 by 16
7. Pantry, . . . 7 by 8
8. Veranda, . . . 8 ft. wide

SECOND FLOOR.

9. Staircase, . . . 11 by 16
10. Bed-room, . . . 16 by 18
11. Bed-room, . . . 16 by 16
12. Linen-press, . . . 7 by 7
13. Bed-room, . . . 16 by 16



GROUND PLAN.



PLAN OF SECOND STORY.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

"Hast thou found honey? Eat so much as is sufficient." This proverb of the wise man has an important bearing upon matters of mental taste. In reference to the whole circle of literature and the arts, a man must be careful not to *surfeit* himself. Many an artist, by not understanding this principle, has been ruined. Pleasures of taste, like pleasures of appetite, should be used with due temperance.

Study to do faithfully whatsoever things in your actual situation you find expressly or tacitly laid down to your charge—that is, your post; stand to it like a true soldier. Silently devour the many chagrins of it—all situations have many—and see you aim not to quit it, without doing all that is your duty.

Every smallest moment of man's life contains in it a series of consequences extending to eternity, for each moment is a new beginning of subsequent ones, and this is the case with all and singular the moments of his life, both in regard to understanding and will.

Know that if you have a friend, you ought to visit him often. The road is grown over with grass, the bushes quickly spread over it if it be not constantly travelled.

A generous mind does not feel as belonging to itself alone, but to the whole human race. We are born to serve our fellow creatures.

The parent who would train up a child in the way he should go, must go the way he would train up his child in.

A man that hoards riches and enjoys them not, is like an ass that carries gold and eats thistles.

Some sort of charity will swallow the egg and give away the shell.

Men often blush to hear of what they were not ashamed to act.

If folly were a pain there would be groaning in every house.

Opinions grounded upon prejudice are always maintained with the greatest violence.

True eloquence consists in saying all that is necessary, and nothing more.

If thou art master, be sometimes blind; if a servant, be sometimes deaf.

The greatest is ill saved which shames its master.

He who says all he likes, shall often hear what he does not like.

Where the bee sucks honey the spider sucks poison.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

POTATOES IN HASTE.—A very nice little dish may be made of cold boiled potatoes in a very few minutes. Having peeled, cut them in slices, half an inch thick, put them in a stew-pan, pour boiling water over them; cover the stew-pan, and set it over the fire for ten minutes; then drain off all the water, add a small bit of butter, shake pepper over, and serve hot. Or, having cut the potatoes in slices, put them in a stew-pan, cover them with milk; cover the stew-pan and set it over the fire for five minutes. Work a large teaspoonful of butter with a small one of flour, and put it to the potatoes; shake a little pepper over, and add a little parsley, cut fine, if liked. Cover the stew-pan for ten minutes, then turn the potatoes into a deep dish. Potatoes may be pared and cut into slices and boiled in water, with a little salt, for twenty minutes, then served with butter and pepper over; or work a teaspoonful of flour with a small bit of butter, and put it to the potatoes a few minutes before they are done; then shake a little pepper over and serve.

APPLE JELLY.—Wash and cut the apples in two or three pieces, to see if there be any worms in them; put them in a bright brass or porcelain lined kettle, and cook until the apples are done; take out and strain the juice from them, and put them on the stove again, and boil them until they begin to look dark; then add one-third as much sugar, by weight, and boil until they become a jelly; put into cups or tumblers, and tie paper over the tops. This is excellent for making jelly cakes. Try it.

FRIED COD FISH.—Cut the middle or tail of the fish into slices nearly an inch thick, season them with salt and pepper, flour them well, and fry them of a clear equal brown on both sides; drain them on a sieve before a fire, and serve them on a well-heated napkin, with plenty of crisped parsley round them. Or, dip them into beaten egg, and then into fine crumbs, mixed with a seasoning of salt and pepper, before they are fried. Send melted butter and anchovy sauce to the table with them.

ROCK BISCUITS.—Beat six ounces of fresh butter to a cream, add six ounces powdered loaf sugar, half a pound currants, one ounce candied peel, and three eggs; stir in one pound of flour by degrees, well mix, and make into oakes; bake in a quick oven.

BARTON CAKES.—Six ounces of grated loaf sugar, six ounces of fresh butter, one ounce of flour, a little spice, and two grains of volatile salts—mix the whole with two eggs.

Editor's Department.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—Last month, our friend Woodworth gave us a pleasant chat about country life and country felicities, causing some of our old longings for rural quiet to awaken and ripple the surface of feelings. Here is a glimpse of the other side, just received from a very dear friend, who, after bearing, with as much philosophy as a nervous temperament would permit, the vexatious disappointments of workmen, took possession of his yet unfinished cottage in September instead of April, as the contract specified:—

"*My dear Arthur*—I am under the impression that the country is *sometimes* a very dirty place after all, and however much one may expatriate on the delights of rural life and the 'home of one's own,' it isn't at all pleasant to live in an unfinished house, be obliged daily to forage the country round about for provisions and greens—cabbages and potatoes, I mean; and, after all your trouble and leg-weariness, find it absolutely impossible to get a servant to cook them. You, perhaps, remember Keats' lines—

"Love in a cot, with water and a crust,
Is—Love forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust."

"Now, that couplet is a good deal truer than the Book of Mormon. The pleasures of rusticity are not consistent with hunting up potatoes and waiting for your dinner while they are being dug. I speak feelingly. I walk almost every day to the four points of the compass in search of household provender. Butter in one place—eggs in another—bread in another, for we neither bake nor brew yet, having no help, and so are obliged to get all we can ready made. A servant called upon us, the other day, to *hire* Mrs. ——. She—the servant, is a specimen of a class. 'Her cousin Lucinda said she would not condescend to cook in anybody's kitchen under eight dollars a month. She herself had always been accustomed to live in first quality houses, and although she could cook, she must confess she did not like to do it. Still, if the wages were sufficient, and the colored boy assisted her, she would take upon herself the culinary department; but she must stipulate beforehand that she was not to be hurried. She could not consent, however, that the lady of the house should enter the kitchen at all—it was her duty simply to give her orders; and, above all, she must protest against the gentleman of the house ever entering within the cook's precincts, or venturing to interfere with her labors.

She thought the place very high and bleak in the winter, and she feared to be exposed to taking cold; but Mrs. —— need not be afraid, of saying whether she would suit or not, as there were plenty of other situations offering."

"Such is almost a literal transcript of the words of this precious 'help'—colored at that. We didn't take her; but I cannot help feeling very grateful to her, notwithstanding. How she must have compassionated our forlorn condition! What a struggle she must have undergone before she consented to humiliate herself by work at all! And with what a lofty dictatorial spirit she humiliated herself to consent to be hired! Another of the fraternity went to the house of a neighbor, not long since, and asked her 'if she did not wish to hire a lady?' I am sorry to record the fact, but the applicant found that the *lady's* place was already supplied.

"I should like very much to know what, in this progressive age, is becoming of all the *servants*? There are some very delectable things in country life, nevertheless; but these drawbacks are serious infringements upon its ordinary pleasures. Unfixed and unsettled as we are, with everything raw and new about us—too near to town to support a good country store, and too far off to make it an object to go to town on small occasions, we shall not be really comfortable until we 'make our own milk, lay our own eggs, and raise our own vegetables.' Then, with a good horse and carriage, and a servant that has *not* hired her mistress, we shall be as snug and easy in our position and as delightfully situated as persons of moderate views need desire to be."

We hope it will, ere long, be well with our friend; and that, before many months are numbered, he will look back upon his present infelicities as an amusing episode.

A very young, and as she herself touchingly says in a recent letter, "fatherless and brotherless girl," who has written for the Home Magazine two or three stories of more than common power, thus bravely writes, on occasion of transmitting an article:—"If you do not like my story, do not be grieved or troubled in telling me so. God has given me brains and willing fingers, and I can just 'pick my flint and try again.' I know my deficiencies—indeed, I do. Oftentimes I feel them keenly, *almost* tearfully. But sitting down and mourning over them will never help

me on. I can only look up and strive. I have written not quite a dozen stories, and as yet I have neither the skill nor strength to originate and carry on a deep, clear plot. Until I can do this well, I will not attempt it. But I will grow into these things with my years. I am determined on that. Just now I am perfectly satisfied to touch the heart—that is better than passing the head."

Who cannot see the true elements of success here? A modest, almost timid appreciation of developed powers, yet confident of latent ability, and all hopeful for the future. Young as our correspondent is, she is a true Christian philosopher, and the world will be wiser and better for her having lived in it. Few at her age have written so well, or shown so fine a knowledge of the human heart.

WINTER THOUGHTS.—The season sacred to domestic happiness has again come round, and **HOME** is the centre of our thoughts and the seat of our comfort. The seasons which render business operations abroad and out of doors facile, and which tempt us away from home for pleasure, for recreation, and for improvement, have passed. If we have been like the ant—prudent—we are now prepared to "hibernate" as becomes rational creatures: to feed our minds, while our bodies have comparative rest; to cultivate our affections, and to strengthen and improve our inner life.

There is one thing which we must be careful to remember, if we would spend the winter profitably or pleasantly: and that is that man is a social and mutually dependent being. We think, perhaps, that we know this already, and we fancy that we are acting upon our knowledge in cultivating the society of our chosen friends, and the circle of acquaintances among which our position throws us. But while these friends and connexions must not, of course, be neglected, there are others who have a higher demand upon us. The Saviour teaches that the poor and the sick, the needy and the suffering, are those whom we should remember when we make a feast. The influence of Christianity has produced such an amelioration in the state of society, that it is placed within the power of every man who is so disposed, so to give, that his gift, be it little or much, may have its benefits widely diffused. Through the organizations of Christianity, the poor and the sick are sought out and benefited; and the operations of Christian governments reach many of the most aggravated cases. Lazarus does not require to be laid at the rich man's door to find food and relief. Refugees are provided for him, better, in

some respects, than even Dives enjoyed eighteen hundred years ago.

But we must not be content with our mere matter-of-course and legal share of relief to the poor; for if we are so easily satisfied we are no better than Dives. We must personally seek out, and, with discriminating kindness and charity, relieve the distressed and comfort the destitute. We shall find often that a kind word will be the best mode of doing good, and that a simple recognition of the human kind of our fellows will raise up many who might otherwise sink or fall. Winter is the season for doing good.

Having thus attended to the outside claims of our kind, we may "wheel the sofa round" and unselfishly enjoy ourselves in-doors, and with our own little world at home. Mental improvement seems to be quickened and strengthened by the winter air and winter associations. The long cheerful evenings, rightly improved, will yield a glorious harvest to be garnered away in the chambers of our brain, and fed upon in the intervals of the next spring and summer's activity. We shall be pardoned for our not entirely disinterested advice, if we suggest to our friends that they will find in the Home Magazine a pleasant and useful winter companion; and that they will also, perhaps, be causing pleasure and improvement to others, if they use their influence to procure its introduction in households where it is not now taken. The larger our list, the better will be the work; and so many improvements occur to us, limited only by the expense they would incur, that we see no limit to our progress while our list advances.

A DESECRATION.—From the pen of a correspondent we have a warm remonstrance against the proposed conversion of the old church building, in Eleventh street, into a burlesque opera-house. We sympathize with him fully. He says:

We were pained, but not astonished, to hear that a church in this city, which has long been vacated and for sale, has been purchased by the manager of a troupe of burlesque singers, and is to be converted into what is called an "Ethiopian Opera-house." Now this species of entertainment—albeit sometimes admissible under the doggrel adage,

"A little nonsense now and then

Is relished by the best of men"—

is insufferable and mischievous; ruinous to all true and pure musical taste, when it becomes a staple amusement. Halls intended for refined musical entertainments are considered, by the lovers of harmony, desecrated when these cork-

blackened musical clowns get possession. But to prostitute a church to such a purpose! Tell it not in the Sandwich Islands! Publish it not among the red Indians! For when heathen converts and catechumens hear what respect is paid in a Christian land to a Christian church, they may apply to us the proverb, "Physician, heal thyself."

We hope that the public sentiment will render the speculation abortive. If the old structure to which we refer—the church formerly occupied by Dr. Wylie, in Eleventh street—were to be pulled down, and a new structure erected in its place, that were near enough to a desecration. But to leave the walls standing, and to disturb the interior, which has for so many years echoed the voice of prayer and praise, with the vile sounds of low wit, double entendre and blasphemy, is too atrocious! We suppose, however, that it must be set down to the account of "progress." Church-buildings have been so often secularized in this country, that the public mind has lost its sensitiveness upon the subject. But we acknowledge that we never could endure the conversion of the fine old Dutch church in Nassau street, New York, into a post office. That comparatively decent perversion, and others of its class, are, however, thrown entirely into the distance by the projected profanation of which we are speaking. It is well for audiences, and better for actors, that "good spirits" are not likely to disturb them; else the old Covenanters who formerly worshipped there might make a confusion in their midst not bargained for, and introduce some performances not "set down in the bills." It is too sad a subject to speak lightly of, and we earnestly hope that better counsels may prevail.

POINTING A MORAL.—A few years ago a very improbable story found its way into the newspapers, respecting William Wirt—namely: that while paying his addresses to the lady whom he afterward married, the engagement was interrupted by her demanding and his refusing to make a promise that he would never taste wine or any alcoholic mixture as a beverage. Wirt positively declined such a pledge, and the lady would wed him on no other terms. So goes the story. At length she passed him sleeping off a drunken debauch in the street, and with her handkerchief covered his face. When he recovered, the name of the lady written upon the handkerchief so annoyed him, and the circumstance so humiliated him, that though from that hour he reformed, it was a long time before he could summon courage to meet her. When he did see her, he was ready to make the

required promise, and she was ready to wed the recovered inebriate.

Such is the story. It fell under the eye of some relative of the deceased scholar and statesman, who positively and unqualifiedly denied its truth, and affirmed, in a card over his own name, that no such circumstance occurred. Still the tale is repeated and travels on, while the contradiction never can overtake it. In the minds of many Wirt's memory will always be coupled with the debauch and the pocket handkerchief. The tale cannot be put down or extinguished. The more years that pass the firmer will the popular belief be fixed, and the higher will be the admiration of successive generations of readers.

Now, we protest against such reckless abuse of the fair name and fame of any one. We admit that public men are, to a certain extent, public property; but the property is not so absolute as to authorise either injury or entire destruction. Virtue and temperance gain nothing by falsehoods in their behalf; and the real woes of intemperance are bad enough not to require the invention of others. The dead, who cannot defend themselves, should be spared the connexion of their names with such legends. Cautiously, even if true, should they be narrated; and, if false, he is worse than a high-wayman who originates them.

THE BIBLE IN JAPAN.—It is a remarkable providential co-incidence, says the British Banner, that at the moment when the vast empire of Japan is about to be opened to Christian missionaries, efforts should also be making to furnish its teeming millions with the Holy Scriptures, in their own language. Dr. Bettleheim, a pious physician, who has for eight years resided in the island of Louchoo, is (a London paper states) about to visit Hong Kong, in one of the vessels of the United States squadron, for the purpose of taking measures with the Bishop of Victoria, for printing his Japanese and Louchooan versions of the Holy Scriptures. In the pure Japanese, the four Gospels and the Acts; and in the Louchooan, (a variety of the Japanese), St. Luke, St. John, the Acts, and the Epistle to the Romans, are ready for publication.

AN ADMONITION.—The Charleston Courier says: Thousands of vials of what is called "Tooth Wash," are sold every month, being "warranted to remove all dark color, etc., from the teeth immediately, and give them a pearly whiteness. It preserves the teeth from decay, renders the breath sweet, prevents tartar from

forming upon them, and being carried into the stomach, thus improves the general health of the system." On examination, this affair is proved to consist only of water, with a little common muriatic acid, (hydro-chloric acid,) and its only action upon the teeth was to dissolve off a portion of their surface, which, of course, removed the dark coating. The continued use of this wash would soon entirely eat away the teeth and destroy them.

"LET ME DIE THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS."

We see recorded of the Rev. Dr. Samuel K. Jennings, who recently died in Baltimore in the eighty-fourth year of his age, this beautiful and touching incident:

"For several months before his death he was expecting his dissolution. Almost every night, when he would retire, as his daughter, Mrs. Owings, would accompany him to his chamber and give him the accustomed kiss of affection as she bade him 'good night,' he would say to her:

"'Mary, my child, if you should find the old man dead in the morning, remember that he was not afraid of death.'

—It is the peculiar misfortune of women, resulting from the relative position which they occupy in society, that they never can see more than one side of a man's character. Of course, the fair side is always presented towards them; and all the darker traits and wilder extravagances are sedulously concealed on the reverse. This makes it so doubly dangerous for a girl to consult only her own preferences, and her own will, in making her choice for life; and this also proves the expediency, on all occasions, of taking the advice of some experienced counsellor. Many a man may shine in the *salon* by his wit, taste, elegance, and address, or good breeding; and yet, when he quits society, and revolves upon his axis, the darker half of his day may be passed in the kennel, the stable, or the gambling-house.

—When we record our angry feelings, let it be on the snow, that the first beam of sunshine may obliterate them for ever.

THE HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1855.—We make another marked improvement in our Home Magazine. The new volume begins with new type and a finer quality of paper. In beauty of typography, we are now equal to any of our contemporaries; and in the sterling value and fine interest of our literary department, we claim to have no superior. Yet, we have made

no advance in price. We still offer the Home Magazine at \$1 25 a year, in clubs of four subscribers.

THE ENGRAVINGS in this number are of a superior order. The steel plate is a gem of art and beauty.

COLORED PLATES.—We give this month another of our series of beautiful colored Engravings. It is a view of "Mount Vernon," and is a charming picture.

FASHIONS.—"The Helen."—This elegant cloak is from the establishment of Messrs. Slingerland & M'Farland, No. 296 Broadway, New York. It is of royal purple velvet, trimmed with three rows guipure heading fringe. The dress is of fawn colored grenadine — the flounces trimmed with plush.

"The Elma" is a beautiful embroidered mantilla; and, for richness of design and trimming, is unsurpassed. The dress is of brown Moier Antique, with four flounces trimmed with velvet galloon.

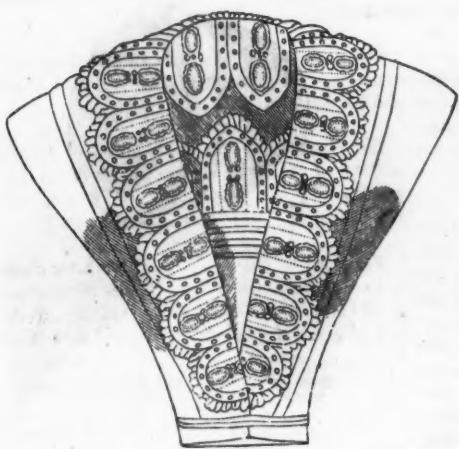
The fashion house from which we have received these two elegant styles of ladies' costume, is one of the largest and most reliable in the country. All orders sent to them by individuals, or from the trade, will receive prompt and careful attention. Their establishment, on Broadway, is well worthy a call from those who visit New York, and have any taste for the beautiful articles to be found there.

We have made arrangements to furnish our readers each month with novelties in dress from this establishment.

FASHIONABLE CLOAKS.—No. 1.—The yoke of this cloak continues very low down in front, to form a corsage. The lower portion of the cloak, consisting of two pieces, is put on in large box-plaits, the upper one so cut as to form the sleeve. It is trimmed with a wide braid and very heavy fringe. Handsome fancy buttons are placed down the front of the cloak.

No. 2.—This is a serviceable cloak, intended for the coldest weather. The back has all the grace of a Taima, while the sleeve and yoke combine to make a novelty. It is of cloth, with broad stripes and slashes of velvet a darker shade.

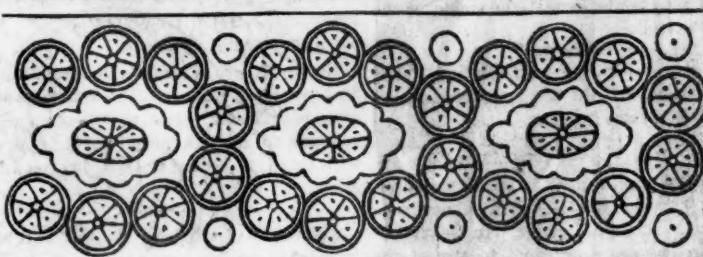
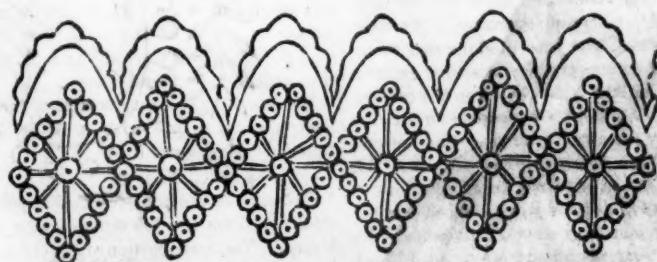
OUR LADY FRIENDS will see that we are introducing an increased number of engravings of needle-work and articles of dress, with other novelties and attractions. We shall continue this during the year.



CHEMISETTE.



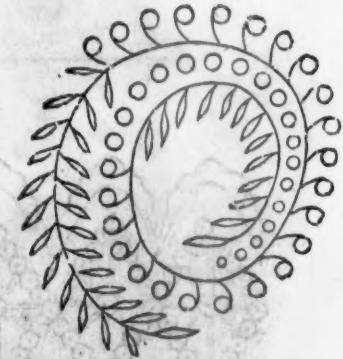
UNDERSLEEVE.



BRODERIE ANGLAISE.
THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE AND WORCESTERSHIRE DRAGOONS.

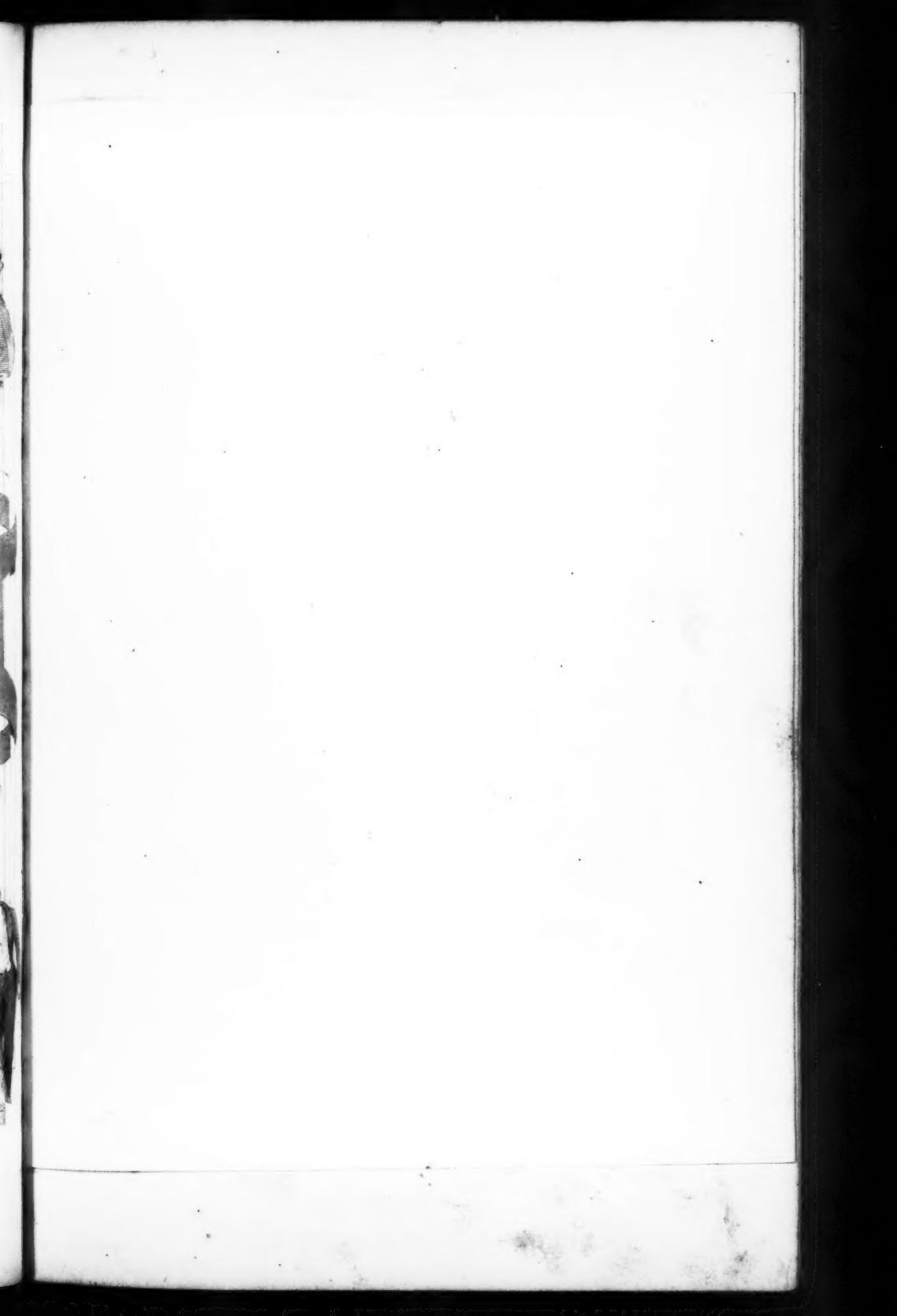


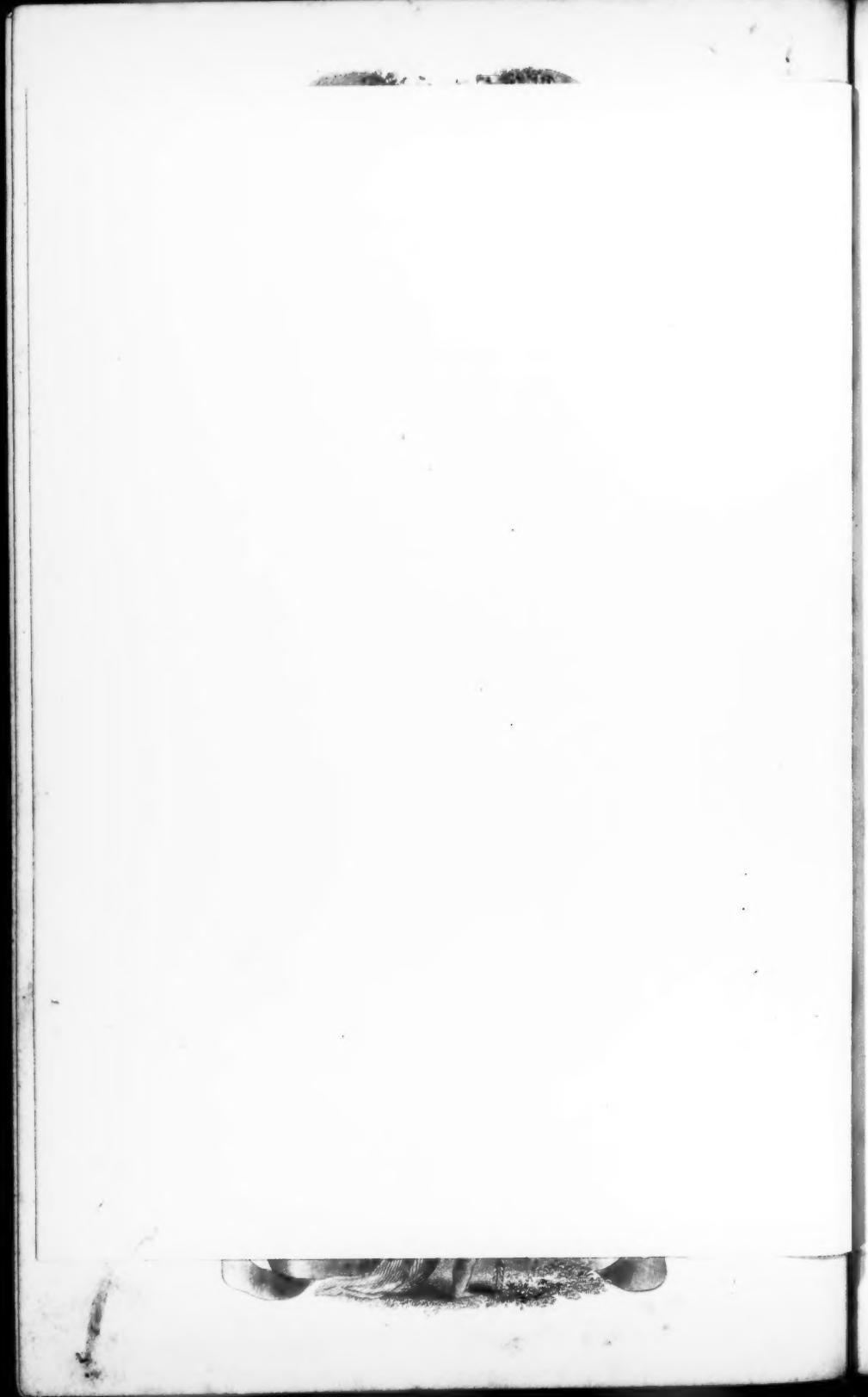
HEAD DRESSES.

MORNING WRAPPER. EMBROIDERY.

THE
COQUETTE.

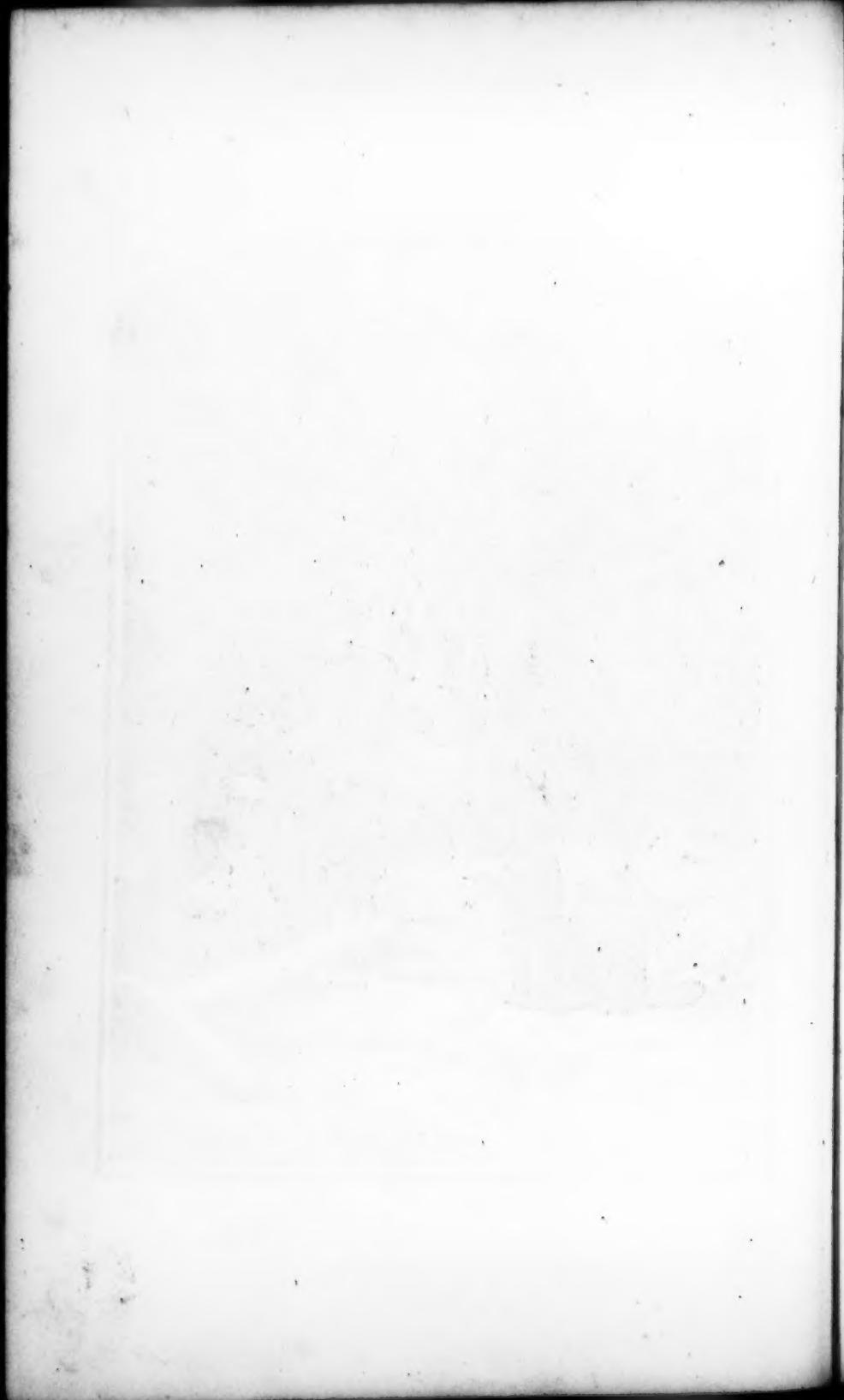








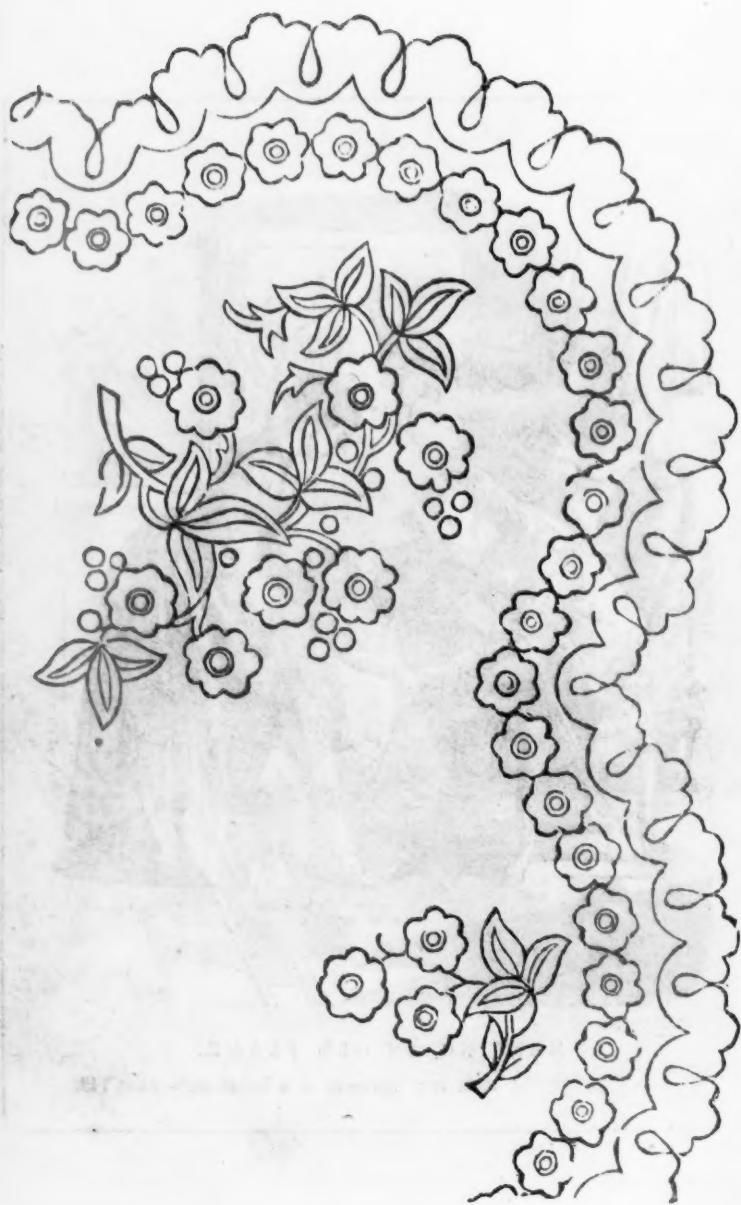
WINTER.





MEETING AN OLD FLAME.

FROM THE "REVERIES OF A BACHELOR."—PAGE 148.



BORDER FOR POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.



THE HOOPOE.



THE JULIETTE.

From the Fashion Emporium of Messrs. Slingerland & M'Farland, No. 296 Broadway, N. Y.



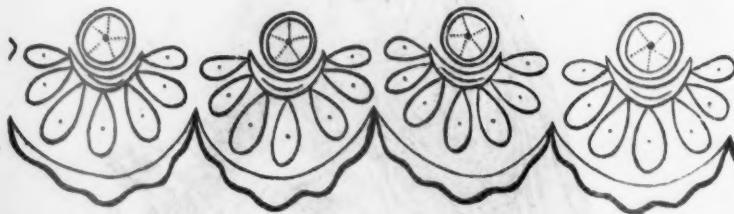
BRIDAL COSTUME.

PAGE 151.

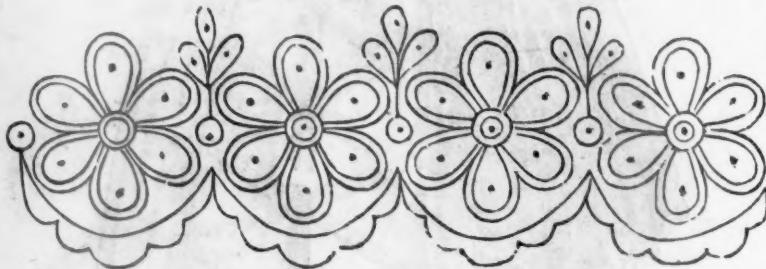
Needlework Patterns.



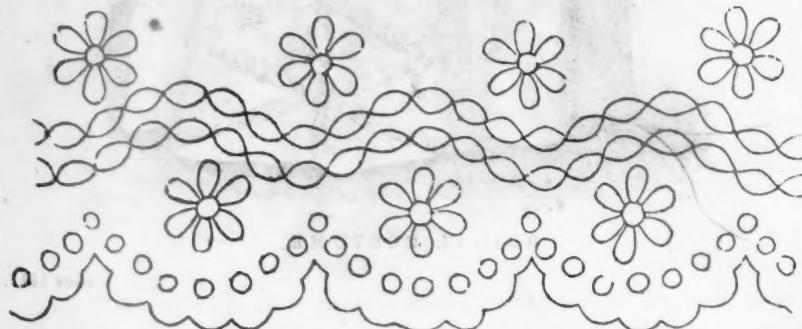
VINE AND FLOWER PATTERN.



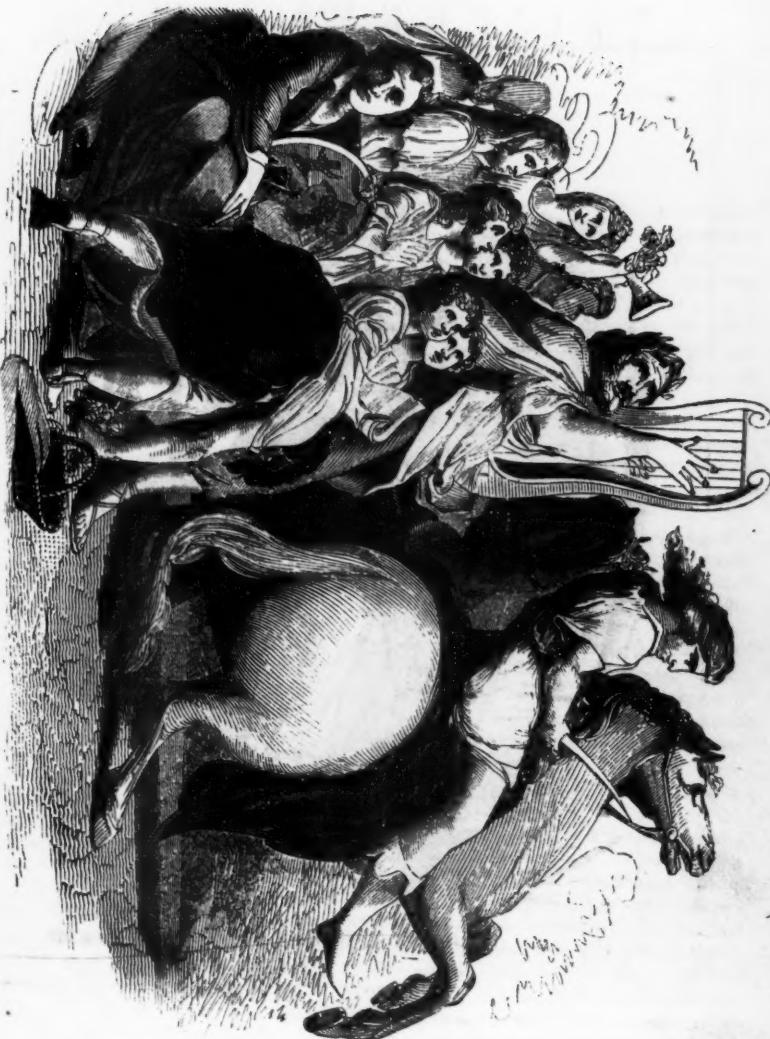
BROIDERIE ANGLAISE.



EMBROIDERY-WHEEL PATTERN.



PATTERN FOR UndERSLEEVES.



GROUP FROM BARRY'S CELEBRATED PICTURE, "THE VICTORS AT OLYMPIA."



NOBODY'S CHILD.

PAGE 148.